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FROM MOSCHUS.

WHEN the wind softly sways the azure sea,
My languid spirit kindles at the sight,
And then the land is no more a delight,
Only the mighty main seems sweet to me.

But when the waters in their wrath grow hoar,
And the long rollers rage with curling foam,
I turn again towards my wooded home,
And love to look upon the sea no more.

Ah ! sweet the land, and sweet the forest dark,
Whose pines make song, whate'er the wild
wind's strife ;
And hard, indeed, must be the fisher's life,
Who toils upon the deep, — his home, a bark ;

His prey, the roaming fish. But 'tis my lot
Beneath the plane's full leaf at ease to dream,
And thence I love to hear the passing
stream,
Whose prattle charms, and can disquiet not.
Spectator. W. T.

TO CHARLES SUMNER.

RIVER that stealeth with such silent pace
Around the city of the dead, where lies
A friend who bore thy name, and whom
these eyes
Shall see no more in his accustomed place,
Linger and fold him in thy soft embrace,
And say good-night, for now the western
skies
Are red with sunset, and gray mists arise
Like damps that gather on a dead man's
face.
Good-night ! good-night ! as we so oft have
said
Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days
That are no more and shall no more return.
Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to
bed ;
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn.

THE TIDES.

I SAW the long line of the vacant shore,
The seaweed and the shells upon the sand,
And the brown rocks left bare on every
hand,
As if the ebbing tide would flow no more.

Then heard I more distinctly than before,
The ocean breathe and its great breast ex-
pand,
And hurrying came on the defenceless land
The insurgent waters with tumultuous roar.
All thought and feeling and desire, I said,
Love, laughter, and the exultant joy of song
Have ebbed from me forever ! Suddenly
o'er me
They swept again from their deep ocean bed,
And in a tumult of delight, and strong
As youth, and beautiful as youth, upbore
me.

Longfellow's "Masque of Pandora."

THE LESSON OF THE LEAVES.

As, one by one, these autumn leaves, descend-
ing
To droop and die,
In rustled murmurs, breathe one soft unending
Sad threnody,
Till branch and bough, whereon no vestige
lingers
Of summer bloom,
Trace out upon the sky, with withered fingers,
Their wintry doom :

So, one by one, these earthly hopes we cher-
ish —
More dearly prized,
Perchance, than Heaven itself — fall off and
perish
Unrealized,
And leave us, with life's winter o'er us steal-
ing,
And skies o'ercast,
With bared and outstretched arms for help
appealing
To Heaven at last.

JUBILATE.

GRAY distance hid each shining sail
By ruthless breezes borne from me ;
And lessening, fading, faint and pale,
My ships went forth to sea.

Where misty breakers rose and fell
I stood and cowered hopelessly ;
For every wave had tales to tell
Of wrecks far out at sea.

To-day a song is on my lips ;
Earth seems a paradise to me ;
For God is good, and lo ! my ships
Are coming home from sea.

From The Quarterly Review.

FORSTER'S LIFE OF SWIFT.*

OUR old friend Christopher North, in one of his convivial sallies, altogether disclaimed being "that faultless monster whom the world ne'er saw," and claimed, on the contrary, to be a faulty monster, seen by all the world. That faulty monster Swift will now, we hope, be shown to all the world in his true dimensions, though he cannot be washed exactly white. Mr. Forster has some more than ordinary qualifications for the task he has set himself. He is not "suspect" of Toryism, nor consumed with the zeal of retrospective Whiggism to the pitch of regarding apostasy from Godolphin to Harley, in the days of Queen Anne, as deserving a political *auto da fe* in those of Queen Victoria. He has spared neither time nor pains in research of documents and materials from all quarters; and brings in his present volume, and promises for his future volumes, much fresh information on points of Swift's career and character, which have hitherto been made matter of controversy rather than of careful investigation. And finally, he has that "heartily liking" and "generous admiration" for his subject, which he justly attributes to his great precursor Scott, and which are indispensably requisite to render biography a labour of love. That Swift was, in his sane and manly years, lovable, seems sufficiently proved by the fact that he was more or less loved, or liked, by every woman of intelligence, and every man of genius, with whom he came in personal contact and intercourse. He was loved in tragic earnest by poor Esther Johnson and poor Hester Vanhomrigh. He was loved by Pope, Gay, Steele, Congreve, Bolingbroke, Arbuthnot, Addison; and lastly, and posthumously, his memory is loved by Mr. Forster.†

* *The Life of Jonathan Swift*. By John Forster. Volume the First. 1667-1711. London, 1875.

† Mr. Courtenay, in his "Memoirs of Sir William Temple" (vol. ii. p. 243), drew from very narrow premises very broad conclusions as to the general *unpopularity* of Swift's manners with women. "Of the offensive manners of Swift," he says, "and his consequent unpopularity with the ladies of the families in which he was intimate" [we will trouble any one to be *intimate* in families where he is unpopular with the ladies!], "we can speak upon the authority of a daughter of his

Independently of "evil times and evil tongues," the sources of Swift's doubtful reputation, from his own days to ours, may be said to have been, in a manner, identical with those of his glory. His "Tale of a Tub" was a declaration of war against half Christendom, and his "Gulliver's Travels" little short of an indictment against all mankind. His political trophies were the depopularization of Marlborough, the preparation of the public mind for the Peace of Utrecht, and the exasperation of Irish patriotism against English halfpence. A new Prometheus, he must be owned to have brought upon earth more heat than light, and his final misanthropy purveyed his own vultures for his own heart in exile.* It is, indeed, a passion which, if it does not begin in madness, almost certainly ends there.

The late great French critic, Sainte-Beuve, laid down, with immediate reference to Chateaubriand, the following canon of criticism, which is not less applicable to our present subject:—

For me, literary production is not distinct—is, at any rate, not separable—from the producer, the man himself, and his individual organization. I may find pleasure in a work, but it is difficult for me to pronounce a judgment on it, independently of all knowledge of the writer. I should be disposed to say—Such as the tree, such the fruit.

In order to know a man—that is to say, to know something more about him than pure spirit—one cannot go to work in too many ways, or from too many sides. Till one has asked and answered to oneself a certain number of questions about an author, one is never sure of having completely seized his character. What were his religious views? How was he affected by natural scenery? *What was his behaviour towards women?—what in money matters?* Was he rich?—was he poor? What was his regimen, his mode of living?

friend, the first Lord Bathurst: this lady was particularly disgusted with his habit of swearing."

The occasional *brusquerie* and eccentricity of Swift's manners, especially in his later years, is not denied in any quarter. He could make himself disagreeable, but he could make himself exceedingly agreeable, both to men and to women. See Mr. Forster's volume, p. 226, and in other places, for the extraordinary social charm possessed by Swift in his better years.

* Swift always regarded his Dublin deanery as an exile, and always refused to regard Ireland as his country, merely because he was "dropped" there.

Finally, *what was his vice or weakness?* since every man has one. None of the answers to these questions are immaterial in forming a judgment of an author, or even of his book,—unless, indeed, that book is a treatise of pure geometry.

In no instance more distinctly than in that of our present subject is the character of the author traceable, in its main lines, to the character of the man. It might be said of Jonathan Swift as of John Bunyan—whom, by the way, he prized more highly than theologians of higher pretensions—that it was because he was such a man as he was he wrote as he did. What set the stamp of permanence on the writings of both was no study of form, no care of composition, but downright force of expression prompted by strength of purpose. Bunyan became a great author without knowing it, because he had a faith to propagate. Swift became a great author without caring about it, because he had passions to wreak, ambitions to gratify, and insights into life, character, and opinion to bring out in forms which, however fantastic, however frequently repulsive, have won for themselves a permanent place in the modern mind, which they will no more lose with any generation of intelligent readers than the world will “willingly let die” *Pantagruel's* history, or the “*Pilgrim's Progress*.”

In applying to Swift *Sainte-Beuve's* personal and, as he conceived it, physiological method of criticism, it would be necessary to start with the subject from birth, or even before it. A posthumous child, born of a mother labouring under a load of anxieties, much that was otherwise inexplicably morbid in Swift may be traceable to congenital sources, and the painfully dependent circumstances of his boyhood and youth.

His brief autobiography, reproduced in Mr. Forster's first chapter, and which stops at the epoch of Swift's final settlement in Ireland, begins by stating that the family of the Swifts are ancient in Yorkshire. After commemorating one or two notable members of that family, the writer comes to his paternal grandfather, Thomas Swift, whose services and sufferings in the cause of the First Charles obtained

recognition and promise of preferment from the Second, then in exile, “if ever God should restore him.” Thomas Swift's life ended, however, before Charles's exile, and “Mr. Swift's merit,” observes his grandson, “died with him.”

His father's marriage is recorded as follows by Swift, with a curious and characteristic mixture of pride in his mother's remote ancestry, and regret for his father's “indiscreet” marriage:—

He married Mrs. Abigail Erick, of Leicestershire, descended from the most ancient family of the Ericks, who derive their lineage from Erick the forester, a great commander, who raised an army to oppose the invasion of William the Conqueror. . . . This marriage was on both sides very indiscreet, for his wife brought her husband little or no fortune; and his death happening suddenly, before he could make a sufficient provision for his family, his son, not then born [Swift himself], has often been heard to say, that he felt the consequences of that marriage, not only through the whole course of his education, but during the greatest part of his life.

Swift's only prosperous relative settled in Ireland was an uncle, Godwin Swift, to whom, says Mr. Forster, as the acknowledged head of the family, Jonathan's [his father's] widow had turned naturally in her trouble. With exception of a small annuity of twenty pounds, which her husband had been enabled to purchase at their marriage, she was wholly dependent on this supposed wealthy relative, who took on himself the charge of the young Jonathan's schooling, and defrayed it in what seemed a niggard and grudging manner, which was never forgiven by the distinguished object of his reluctant bounty. Four marriages, however, had provided Uncle Godwin with fifteen children, and he left at his death a crippled estate, altogether inadequate for his survivors.

Swift says of himself that—

By the ill-treatment of his nearest relations [meaning chiefly Uncle Godwin], he was so discouraged and sunk in his spirit, that he too much neglected his academic studies, for some parts of which he had no great relish by nature, and turned himself to reading history and poetry; so that when the time came for taking his degree of bachelor of arts, although he had lived with great regularity and due ob-

servance of the statutes, he was stopped of his degree for dulness and insufficiency; and at last hardly admitted, in a manner little to his credit, which is called in that college [Trinity College, Dublin] *speciali gratiâ*, on the 15th February, 1685, with four more on the same footing.

"These autobiographical records," observes Mr. Forster, "show not only the sense of worldly disadvantage, that even during childhood and at school marred his enjoyment and chilled exertion, but the temperament which at a later time fitted him as little to receive obligation as to endure dependence."

Dr. Barrett [we still quote Mr. Forster] taxes all his energies to establish that after his bachelorship Swift became reckless of hall or lecture-room, violent and quarrelsome, a stranger to the chapel, a loungee in the town, and forever falling under fine or censure. Walter Scott not inaptly remembered, when he came to this picture by Barrett, how Johnson described his Oxford life to Boswell. "Ah, sir, I was mad and violent. It was bitterness that they mistook for frolic. I was miserably poor, and thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit; so I disregarded all power and all authority." But there was a written sentence of Johnson more nobly applicable both to Swift and to himself, when, in the life of the dean, he said that the years of labour by which studies had been retrieved which were alleged to have been recklessly or negligently lost, "afforded useful admonition and powerful encouragement to men whose abilities have been made for a time useless by their passions or pleasures, and who, having lost one part of life in idleness, are tempted to throw away the remainder in despair."

Swift's mother, notwithstanding the "indiscreet" marriage, at which the black drop in her son's blood, when tinging his thoughts, made him repine chiefly because it had brought himself into being, appears always to have been regarded by that son with affection and admiration. "Character, humour, uprightness, and independence," says Mr. Forster, "are in all the traditions respecting her." During her life, which lasted twenty-two years after he left college, Swift rarely missed visiting her once a year at least at Leicester, where she had finally fixed her home — travelling by wagon or on foot in his poorer, by coach in his more opulent days. In

his earlier journeys to and from that place — when, seeing written over a door "Lodgings for a penny," he would hire a bed, giving an additional sixpence for clean sheets — he had opportunities of observing the ways and speech of the common people, which must have much helped to form his popular style and turn of thought.

"Swift," says Mr. Forster, "was little more than two months past his twenty-first birthday, when Tyrconnel let loose the Celtic population on the English settlers in Dublin; and quitting the college with a crowd of other fugitives, he found his way to his mother's house in England." His visit to Leicester on this occasion lasted some months, and his watchful parent became alarmed on his account "because of the daughters of Heth" — one Betty Jones in particular, who afterwards married "a rogue of an innkeeper" at Loughborough.

Hardly had he escaped this Betty Jones [says Mr. Forster] when there began to be talk of another; and long before the "some months" passed which he describes as the duration of this visit to Leicester, his mother must have been convinced of the truth of what her son already had been told by "a person of great honour in Ireland," who was "pleased to stoop so low as to look into my mind; and used to tell me that it was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if I would not give it employment."

Under these circumstances, it was his mother's suggestion that he should apply to Sir William Temple. Lady Temple was a relation of hers, and was still living when Swift's application for admission to Sir William Temple's house and patronage was made and received favourably.

He joined [says Mr. Forster] the retired statesman at Moor Park, near Farnham, before the close of 1689, and continued with him, not without intervals of absence, until just before Lady Temple's death in 1694. These five years are to be regarded as the first residence with Temple.

Swift's great intellectual development, especially in the direction of politics, may be dated from the period of his two protracted sojourns under the roof of a veteran statesman of such experience and capacity as Temple. We ourselves have no

doubt that Swift's moral character, so far as still pliable, must also have been improved by having set before him so accomplished a model of qualities which he could not but respect, albeit he could not emulate — his own natural temper being not less restless and ambitious than Temple's was the reverse.

If the pen of Swift, at a later period, inflicted the first defeat of Marlborough in the battle-field of English public opinion; if the pen of Swift first taught Ireland to "adventure resurrection," and commenced and carried to a triumphant issue the first successful Irish agitation, the school in which he learned to wield such a pen was Temple's house at Moor Park.

Every judicious reader [says Lord Macaulay] must be struck by the peculiarities which distinguish Swift's political tracts from all similar works produced by mere men of letters. Let any person compare, for example, the "Conduct of the Allies," or the "Letter to the October Club," with Johnson's "False Alarm," or "Taxation no Tyranny," and he will be at once struck by the difference of which we speak. He may possibly think Johnson a greater man than Swift. He may possibly prefer Johnson's style to Swift's. But he will at once acknowledge that Johnson writes like a man who has never been out of his study. Swift writes like a man who has passed his whole life in the midst of public business. It is impossible to doubt that the superiority of Swift is to be, in a great measure, attributed to his long and close connection with Temple.*

It is curious to remark that the man whose pen so powerfully and effectively contributed to bring to a "most lame and impotent conclusion" that great European league against France — the foundations of which had been first laid by Temple — was Temple's political pupil. It is not too much to say that the long struggle with Louis XIV., in which the dauntless persistence of William of Orange engaged England and Europe — which was carried on with such triumphant success by Marlborough, and closed, if not too soon, yet too regardlessly of national and European interests, by Harley and St. John, at the Peace of Utrecht — might have been averted at the outset by honest adherence, on the part of England, to the policy of the Triple Alliance, concluded by Temple between England, Holland, and Sweden, in 1668. De Witt, the other wise and honest man employed in forming that alliance, relied on the continued adherence of England to its objects and policy, because he

relied on England continuing to see her own interest in them. What he did not know, or, at any rate, did not sufficiently take into account, was that the Lady England had then a lord, whom the most frivolous and adulterous counter-interest too easily seduced at any time from that of his lawful spouse. The temptress France came with gold in her hand — with Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans (sister of Charles II.), for emissary, who opened her batteries against the Anglo-Dutch alliance by unmerciful ridicule of the insular cut of English *vests*.* Without notice — without pretext or provocation — Charles and his shameless councillors of the "Cabal" rushed at once from alliance with Holland, in resistance to the encroachments of France, to war on Holland, in improvised alliance with France. The suddenness of the witch-brewed hurricane threw the Dutch republic on its beam-ends, and precipitated a revolution in its federal democracy in favour of Orange and fatal to De Witt, as a similar revolution in the preceding generation had been to Barneveldt. But the storm of perfidiously planned hostilities against Holland subsided as suddenly as it had risen. She sought refuge in brave despair, and found succour in fresh alliances. The sole permanent product of the shamelessly treacherous league between Charles and Louis was the life-long direction of the policy of William of Orange in antagonism to France. And the sole result which the *Grand Monarque* reaped at last from the costly and corrupt purchase of two English monarchs was the accession, by grace of revolution, of a third and true monarch, whose policy prepared — if it left for an-

* The Duchess of Orleans, according to the author or authors of the "Character of a Trimmer" (of which lively and telling political tract the credit of authorship is divided between Sir William Coventry and the Marquis of Halifax), "was a very welcome guest here; and her own charms and dexterity, joined with other advantages, that might help her persuasions, gave her such an ascendancy, that she could hardly fail of success. One of the preliminaries of her treaty, though a trivial thing in itself, yet was considerable in the consequence, as very small circumstances often are in relation to the government of the world. About this time a general humour, in opposition to France, had made us throw off their fashion, and put on *vests*, that we might look more like a distinct people, and not be under the servility of imitation, which ever pays a greater deference to the original than is consistent with the equality all independent nations should pretend to. France did not like this small beginning of ill-humour, at least of emulation, wisely considering that it is a natural introduction first to make the world their apes, that they may be afterwards their slaves. It was thought that one of the instructions madam brought along with her was to laugh us out of these *vests*, which she performed so effectually, that in a moment, like so many footmen who had quitted their masters' livery, we all took it again, and returned to our old service."

* Macaulay's "Essays," vol. iii. p. 96.

other reign to consummate—the most crushing overthrows the arms of France had sustained since Creçy and Agincourt.

Lord Macaulay, who, while doing full justice to Temple's intrepid and patriotic diplomacy, seemed, in his "Essay on Temple," to have got tired of hearing Aristides always called "the Just," describes him in that essay as having "transferred to the new settlement after the Revolution the same languid sort of loyalty which he had felt for his former master"—Charles II. How, may we ask, could any honest man have felt more for such a master than a very languid sort of loyalty? "In spite," the great historian goes on to say, "of the most pressing solicitations, he refused to become secretary of state. The refusal evidently proceeded only from the dislike of trouble and danger." Might it not have partly proceeded from Temple's sixty years, well told, and his gout? Lord Macaulay himself states that William was in the habit of consulting Temple in his Surrey retreat on all political emergencies. On one important occasion, the king having sent to ask his opinion on the Triennial Bill, which he was very reluctant to pass, Temple's confidential secretary, Jonathan Swift, had the honour to be made the mouthpiece of the veteran statesman's prudent counsel to the monarch.

The sequel [says Mr. Forster] may be told by Swift himself. What had weighed heavily with William was that Charles I. had passed such a bill. But Swift explained that Charles's ruin was not owing to his passing a bill which did not hinder him from dissolving any Parliament, but to the passing another bill which put it out of his power to dissolve the Parliament then in being without its own consent. "Mr. Swift, who was well versed in English history [here the autobiography is quoted], gave the king a short account of the matter, and a more large one to the Earl of Portland, but all in vain; for the king, by ill-advisers, was prevailed upon to refuse passing the bill. This was the first time that Mr. Swift had ever any converse with courts, and he told his friends it was the first incident that helped to cure him of vanity." One may guess from this, the confidence in himself with which the young scholar had stepped into the closet of the king.

When Swift first became an inmate at Moor Park, Esther Johnson (Stella) was living there under the same roof with her mother, whom Macaulay degrades into a waiting-woman, and whom Scott and Mr. Forster describe as a governess or companion of Temple's sister, Lady Giffard, with whom she continued in that connec-

tion till the death of Temple. Esther Johnson was then a little girl in a pinafore. "I knew her," says Swift, "from six years old, and had some share in her education, by directing what books she should read, and perpetually instructing her in the principles of honour and virtue, from which she never swerved in any one action or moment of her life." Contrast this simple statement, placed in a perfectly clear light by Mr. Forster, with the following broad caricature by Lord Macaulay:—

An eccentric, uncouth, disagreeable young Irishman, who had narrowly escaped plucking at Dublin, attended Sir William as an amanuensis for board and 20*l.* a year, dined at the second table, wrote bad verses in praise of his employer, and made love to a very pretty, dark-eyed young girl who waited on Lady Giffard.

This "very pretty, dark-eyed young girl," was a poor little thing of six or seven years old, of whom Swift relates that "she was sickly from her childhood until about the age of fifteen," and of whom he installed himself as the early instructor in reading and writing—self-evidently without the remotest possible motive of making love to her. Many years afterwards, Swift writes to Esther Johnson:—

I met Mr. Harley in the Court of Requests, and he asked me how long I had learnt the trick of writing to myself. He had seen your letter through the glass case at the coffee-house, and would swear it was my hand; and Mr. Ford, who took and sent it me, was of the same mind. I remember others have formerly said so too. *I think I was little M. D.'s writing-master.**

In his history, Macaulay returned to the charge on Swift's position at Moor Park. The temptation recurred irresistibly to wield his usual weapons—hyperbole and contrast. The lower he could make the degradation of Swift in his years of dependence, the more striking the effect of contrasting that degradation with his after-eminence. It was a trick of style, and Macaulay's immense success has been a snare to lesser men.

It was in the interval between his first and second sojourn with Temple that Swift took orders; and he would seem to have done so in despair of his patron ever getting him any lay promotion worth taking. Temple, indeed, as we have seen, had put him in personal communication with King William III., and William had

* M. D. (My Dear) was part of the "little language" which Swift adopted in his correspondence with Esther Johnson, who, as Mr. Forster observes, is usually designated by those initials, though they occasionally comprise Mrs. Dingley as well.

obligingly offered him a troop of horse. Afterwards there was some promise, which was never fulfilled, of the first prebend that might fall vacant. It must be remembered that so great a gulf was not fixed between clerical and secular functions before as since the Hanoverian succession. "Important diplomatic service," says Mr. Forster, "was still rendered by churchmen; secretaries' places were often at their disposal; a bishop held a cabinet office in the succeeding reign; and when the rumour went abroad, during Anne's last ministry, that St. John was going to Holland, Swift was generally named to accompany him in that employment." We may add to these instances of the then not unusual employment of clergymen in secular offices, that one of the plenipotentiaries nominated to conclude the Peace of Utrecht was the bishop of Bristol—the last instance, we believe, of an ostensible position in diplomacy or politics being held by an ecclesiastic in England.

The death of Sir William Temple, in 1698-9, "closed," says Mr. Forster, "what without doubt may be called Swift's quietest and happiest time."

In the three peaceful years of that second residence he had made full acquaintance with his own powers, unconscious yet of anything but felicity and freshness in their exercise; and the kindest side of his nature had found growth and encouragement. The oil had favoured in an equal degree his intellect and his affections. More than one feeling of this description, we may be sure, contributed to his pathetic mention of the day and hour of Temple's death. "He died at one o'clock this morning, the 27th of January, 1698-9, and with him all that was good and amiable among men." There was afterwards some natural disappointment at the smallness of the legacy left for editing the writings, but it never coloured unfavourably any other of his allusions to Temple. The opinion now expressed he never changed. He continued, speaking rather with affection than judgment, to characterize him as a statesman who deserved more from his country, by his eminent public services, than any man before or since, and as the most accomplished writer of his time.

To the studious leisure of Swift's years at Moor Park is due the production of two of his works most written about, if not, both of them, most read, "The Battle of the Books," and "The Tale of a Tub;" the latter of which was not published, however, till some years afterwards. "The Battle of the Books" was a *pièce de circonstance*, having for its main motive to come to the aid of Sir William Temple

and his Oxford allies against Wotton and Bentley (himself a host), in the obsolete controversy on the comparative merits of ancients and moderns. Swift's patron does not seem to have shown himself particularly obliged to him for turning a matter of absurd gravity into grotesque satire. Authors are seldom very grateful to volunteer auxiliaries who make fun of their earnest. Addison gave Pope no thanks for his "Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis." He probably felt, as Temple had probably felt towards Swift, that his volunteer champion had more gall for others than balm for him. Swift was more intent on decrying Dryden than on defending Temple; and Pope on wounding Dennis than on shielding Addison. "The Battle of the Books" is a piece which we confess we have never had much pleasure in reading, though we are not disposed to question the intensity of mind and meaning which Mr. Forster finds in its apparent absurdity and extravagance.

Swift described himself, shortly after the epoch of his taking orders, as "a Whig and one who wears a gown." His gown, however, which he donned in the last resort about the age of twenty-seven, seemed fated to bring him no satisfactory amount of Whig preferment. He went to Ireland in 1699 with Lord Berkeley, who was appointed one of the lord justices of that kingdom, in the double capacity during the journey of chaplain and private secretary, but was soon superseded, on the earl's arrival in Dublin, in the latter of those offices by "another person [we quote his autobiography] who had insinuated himself into the earl's favour by telling him that the post of secretary was not fit for a clergyman."

In some months the deanery of Derry fell vacant, and it was the Earl of Berkeley's turn to dispose of it. Yet things were so ordered, that the secretary having received a bribe, the deanery was disposed of to another, and Mr. Swift was put off with some other church livings, not worth above a third part of that rich deanery. The excuse pretended was his being too young, although he were then thirty years old.

This second *passe-droit* (for so Swift considered it) put him in a towering passion, and Sheridan has preserved for posterity his very unclerical apostrophe thereon, meant for the earl and secretary—" . . . confound you both for a couple of scoundrels!" "Not till he had gibbeted both in some satirical verses," says Mr. Forster, "did his anger begin to subside."

He had formed what proved a life-long intimacy at the castle with the Countess of Berkeley and her daughters. One of these — the lively Lady Betty, afterwards Lady Elizabeth Germaine, who continued a correspondent of Swift till old age — had picked up in the chaplain's room some unfinished verses of his, descriptive of the card-playing and other ponderous levities of the castle, and straightway put the following tack to them, which had more of truth than of poetry: —

With these is Parson Swift.
Not knowing how to spend his time,
Does make a wretched shift
To deafen them with puns and rhyme.

Punning became an inveterate habit of Swift's, much aggravated by his intercourse with the subsequent lord-lieutenant, Lord Pembroke, and of which his tract, entitled "God's Revenge against Punning," was but a mock-expiation.

Not many weeks after the explosion of wrath which has just been narrated, and probably not without female influences to bring him back to the castle (which he had momentarily quitted in disgust) Swift — as his autobiography above intimates — discontentedly accepted the vicarage of Laracor; the new dean of Derry being required to resign to him this and the other livings which had previously been held with the deanery.

Swift [says Mr. Forster] increased the glebe from one acre to twenty, and endowed the vicarage with tithes which he had himself bought, and which by his will he settled on all future incumbents subject to one condition. Language more eloquent than mine may be here interposed. "When Swift was made vicar of Laracor," said Mr. Gladstone to the House of Commons in March 1869, "he went into a glebe-house with one acre, and he left it with twenty acres improved and decorated in many ways. He also endowed the vicarage with tithes purchased by him for the purpose of so bequeathing them; and I am not aware if it be generally known that a curious question arises on this bequest. This extraordinary man, even at the time when he wrote that the Irish Catholics were so down-trodden and insignificant that no possible change could bring them into a position of importance, appears to have foreseen the day when the ecclesiastical arrangements of Ireland would be called to account; for he proceeds to provide for a time when the episcopal religion might be no longer the national religion of the country. By some secret intimation he foresaw the shortness of its existence as an establishment, and left the property subject to a condition that in such case it should be administered for the benefit of the poor." Not quite

so. The incumbents were to have the tithes for as long as the existing Church should be established; and Mr. Gladstone having withdrawn that condition, the living loses the tithes. But it is "whenever any other form of Christian religion shall become the established faith in this kingdom," that the condition arises handing them over to the poor, securing that their profits shall be given in a weekly proportion "by such other officers as may then have the power of distributing charities to the parish," and excluding from this benefit Jews, atheists, and infidels.

It is a bequest which certainly raises a "curious question," whether we regard it with Scott as a mere stroke of Swift's peculiar humour, or with Mr. Gladstone as a quasi-forethought for the "down-trodden" Irish Catholics.

Shortly after his institution to Laracor, Swift received from the archbishop of Dublin (then Marsh, the founder of the library) the prebend of Dunlavin in St. Patrick's Cathedral, entitling him to a seat in the chapter; and a few months later, on the 16th February, 1700-1701, he took his doctor's degree in Dublin University. At the beginning of April, he set sail with the Berkeleys for England; where for the present, notwithstanding his professional preferments, the most memorable portion of his life is to be passed. But let the reader disposed to be severe on such abandonment of clerical duties, remember always what the Irish Church then was, and that when the vicar of Laracor turned his back on Ireland he left behind him "a parish with an audience of half a score."

The one insurmountable objection to Swift's professional promotion was raised by himself. He published anonymously in 1704 "The Tale of a Tub," which appears to have lain some half-dozen years in MS. The credit of joint authorship of this celebrated tale seems to have been claimed by Thomas Swift, whom he used to call his "little parson cousin," and who, at the time of its composition, was an inmate along with Jonathan at Moor Park, and very possibly may have rendered him some slight assistance on points of scholastic detail. It was the sort of masterpiece, however, which inevitably affiliated itself on the right parent, and Swift, observes Mr. Forster, though he never adventured to put his own name to it, took very good care that no one else should.

Atterbury, after saying that nothing could please more than the book did in London, added the shrewd remark that

if he has guessed the man rightly who wrote it, he has reason to continue to conceal himself, because its profane strokes would be more likely to do harm to his reputation and interest in the world than its wit could do him good.

But when did wit ever put his candle under a bushel on such cool calculation? Swift never did; and then he marvelled that his friends at court, whether Whig or Tory, never could contrive to make him a bishop—even an Irish bishop. Somers accordingly came under the secret lash of his pen as “a false deceitful rascal,” and Wharton as “the most universal villain he ever knew.” Wharton’s was a character to which no license of invective could do much injustice. But it was precisely his profligacy that rendered more intensely exasperating the exceptional scruples he is said to have pleaded when lord-lieutenant of Ireland, against admitting Swift’s claims to the highest church preferment. He was reported to have said that the Whig party had no character to spare, and could not afford to make such an appointment to an Irish bishopric:—

Says Clarinda, though tears it may cost,
 ’Tis high time we should part, my dear Sue!
 For your character’s totally lost—
 And I’ve not got sufficient for two.

To be assigned the part of “Sue” by such a “Clarinda” would have provoked a saint. How much more must it have provoked a Swift!

“The Tale of a Tub” is, in its main drift, with many digressions, a “show-up” of superstition and fanaticism, as embodied, to Swift’s eyes, in Roman Catholicism and English and Scottish Puritanism. Voltaire gave Swift the palm over Rabelais, and styled him “*Rabelais dans son bon sens, et vivant en bonne compagnie*.” Good company, in our days, would object to a good deal in “The Tale of a Tub,” if indeed it were much in the habit of looking there for its ideas of what Mr. Gladstone rechristens “Vaticanism.” The age has certainly gained in delicacy, though perhaps not in vigour, since Swift gave so piquant an air of originality to so old an apologue as that of the father with three sons, and his last bequests to each. Swift was not so odorous as Rabelais, but he could not plead Rabelais’ excuse for wrapping up grave meanings in grotesque and disgusting disguises. The *curé* of Meudon might have risked vivification had he made perfectly plain what he meant with his “*Ile Sonnante*,” his “*Papegaux*,” “*Papimanes*,” and the rest. The vicar of Laracor only risked getting a deanery instead of a bishopric. In this unparalleled satire, as in everything Swift wrote, each stroke told. Lord Peter’s “purchase of a large continent,

lately said to have been discovered in *terra australis incognita*”—his “sovereign remedy for the worms”—his “erecting of a whispering office for the public good”—his “famous universal pickle” and “powder pimperlump”—his roaring and rapacious bulls—his “abominable faculty of telling huge palpable lies on all occasions,” and invoking “the D—l to broil them eternally that will not believe me”—all these traits hit the humour of the Protestant public in the days of Queen Anne; Popery, only some sixteen years before, having been pulled off the throne, and the loaves and fishes of the Church snatched from its greedy grasp. Again, Swift’s description of “the Almighty North,” a deity “whose peculiar habitation was situated in a certain region, well-known to the ancient Greeks, by them called Σκοτία, or the land of darkness”—of the origin of tub-preaching—of Brother Jack’s bibliolatry and predestinarianism—of his affected differences in habit and behaviour from the rest of Christendom—“in winter he always went loose and unbuttoned, and clad as thin as possible, to let in the ambient heat; and in summer lapped himself close and thick to keep it out”—of his “tongue so musculous and subtle that he could twist it up into his nose, and deliver a strange kind of speech from thence”—of a disease with which he was troubled, “reverse to that called the stinging of the tarantula,” so that he “would run mad at the noise of music”—of his fearing no colours, but mortally hating all, and bearing, “upon that account, a cruel aversion against painters; insomuch that, in his paroxysms, as he walked the streets, he would have his pockets loaded with stones to pelt at the signs”—above all, of the provoking involuntary resemblance Jack retained to Peter, though he had torn his coat to rags to get off the embroidery, on purpose to remove every vestige of such resemblance—all this could not but be read with keen relish in all quarters where English Churchmen’s kibes had so lately been galled by Scotch Presbyterianism, revenging with rival bigotry the hard usage it had had at their hands under the last Stuarts.

It may here be remarked that Swift was equally master of three different prose styles—that of broad Rabelaisian burlesque; that of dry and bitter irony; and that of sober and serious public instruction or public business. Of his *pulpit*-style, expressly as such, we should hesitate to accept, without reservation, Dr. Johnson’s favourable opinion. There is

an old story of his Satanic Majesty, once on a time, having delivered a most harrowing sermon, in the garb of a monk, on the eternity and intensity of hell torments. Some familiar asked him how he could think of preaching so dead against the interests of his own establishment. "You are quite mistaken," replied the sable party addressed. "Did you not observe that there was *no unction* in my sermon?" To our humble thinking there is in Swift's sermons no unction. He himself acknowledged that, from the time of his political controversies, he could only preach pamphlets.

Amongst the foremost examples of Swift's three prose styles are those successively published during the years of his residence (and non-residence) at Laracor. Three or four years after his Rabelaisian escapade — "The Tale of the Tub" — appeared his gravely-ironical "Argument against the Abolishing of Christianity." Shortly after followed, apparently by way of atonement, two perfectly serious tracts, "The Sentiments of a Church-of-England Man with respect to Religion and Government," and the "Project for the Advancement of Religion, and the Reformation of Manners." Amongst the proposals put forth in this latter tract, written in 1709, and published, after the fashion of that age, as "by a Person of Quality," was the appointment of "itinerary commissioners to inspect everywhere throughout the kingdom into the conduct at least of men in office, with respect to their morals and religion." Under "so excellent a princess as the present queen," and under "a ministry where every single person was of distinguished piety, the empire of vice and irreligion," according to Swift, "would be soon destroyed in this great metropolis, and receive a terrible blow throughout the whole island." Swift proposes, amongst other things, that clergymen should be dispensed from wearing their clerical habits, unless at those seasons when they are doing the business of their function, as "whoever happens to see a scoundrel in a gown, reeling home at midnight (a sight neither frequent nor miraculous) is apt to entertain an ill idea of the whole order, and at the same time to be extremely comforted in his own vices." He observes "that the corruptions of the theatre, peculiar to our age and nation [since Charles II.], need continue no longer than while the court is content to connive at or neglect them." He proposes (and the legislation and police of our orderly age

have bettered the instruction) that "all taverns and ale-houses should be obliged to dismiss their company at twelve at night;" and complains of "so little care taken for the building of churches, particularly here in London, that five parts in six of the people are absolutely hindered from hearing divine service." This complaint of Swift gave the first impulse to raising the fund for building Queen Anne's fifty new churches in the metropolis.

If "The Tale of a Tub" did Swift harm with Queen Anne and her ecclesiastical councillors, it did him honour with the "little senate" of wits which sat at Will's, and took laws from Addison. "Swift's note-books," says Mr. Forster, "fix the year 1705 as the beginning, not of his acquaintance, but of his more intimate intercourse with Addison. That most pleasing of writers and zealous of Whigs, who was next year to have his party reward by appointment as under-secretary of state, had this year (1705) published his 'Travels in Italy;' and I possess a large-paper presentation-copy with an inscription in Addison's hand, which is itself an emphatic memorial of one of the most famous of literary friendships."

During the five years intervening between the date above given and the accession of (and Swift's accession to) the Tory ministry of 1710, his intimacy with Addison, Steele, and the other Whig wits continued close and convivial. That it suffered interruption from Swift's change of party colours was against his will and wish, and in spite of his efforts to serve such of his old friends (Steele for example) as needed to be served by his good offices with the new ministry. These intervening five years were, indeed, a lustre of sparks struck from wits warmed by wine, for wherever Addison was, wine was, notwithstanding his well-sustained reputation for morality and piety.

Swift's note-book [says Mr. Forster] contains entries of dinners to or with them all, and of frequent coaches to the houses of Halifax in New Palace Yard or at Hampton Court. We trace them dining at the "George," with Addison for host, at the "Fountain" with Steele, and at the "St. James's," where Wortley Montagu entertains. Nor did they fail to see each other frequently even in such intervals of their not coming together as are mentioned by Swift to Ambrose Philips. "The triumvirate of Addison, Steele, and me, come together as seldom as the sun, moon, and earth; but I often see each of them, and each of them me and each other." Just before March, Swift had launched his joke against

the astrological-almanac-makers; and all the town was now laughing over the relation of the accomplishment of the first of Mr. Bickerstaff's predictions.

Bickerstaff was a name Swift had happened to see over a locksmith's shop, and which he assumed, writing in Steele's "Tatler," in the character of a genuine astrologer, against the chief offender amongst vulgar almanac-makers, John Partridge, bred originally a cobbler. Mr. Bickerstaff's first gravely-worded prediction was that of the death of Partridge at a specified day and hour—followed next day by a most circumstantial narrative of the fulfilment of that prediction within a few minutes of the exact time specified.

Partridge, who had no mind to have his ill-gotten gains as an almanac-maker consigned with him to the tomb, in putting forth his almanac for 1709, informed his loving countrymen that—

Squire Bickerstaff was a sham name assumed by a lying, impudent fellow, and that, blessed be God, John Partridge was still living and in health, and all were knaves who reported otherwise. To this Mr. Bickerstaff lost no time in retorting with a "vindication" more diverting than either of its precursors, rebuking Mr. Partridge's scurrility as very indecent from one gentleman to another for differing from him on a point merely speculative. This point was, as he went on to explain, whether or not Mr. Partridge was alive; and with all brevity, perspicuity, and calmness, he proceeded to the discussion. First he pointed out that about a thousand gentlemen, having bought Mr. Partridge's almanac for the year merely to find what he said against Mr. Bickerstaff, had been seen and heard lifting up their eyes and crying out at every line they read "they were sure no man alive ever writ such damned stuff as this!" But the proof that no man alive wrote it appeared in his own very language of denial, that "he is not only now alive, but was also alive upon that very 29th of March which it was foretold he should die on;" whereby his opinion was plainly announced that a man *may be* alive now who was not alive twelve months ago. And here lay in truth the whole sophistry of his argument. "He dares not assert he was alive ever since the 29th of March, but that 'he is now alive *and was so on that day*.' I grant the latter; for he did not die till night, as appears by the printed account of his death, in a letter to a lord; and whether he be since revived, I leave the world to judge."

"The jest," continued Mr. Forster, "had by this time diffused itself into so wide a popularity that all the wits became eager to take part in it; Rowe, Steele, Addison, and Prior contributed to it in

divers amusing ways, and Congreve described, under Partridge's name, the distresses and reproaches Squire Bickerstaff had exposed him to, insomuch that he could not leave his door without somebody twitting him for sneaking about without paying his funeral expenses. The poor astrologer himself, meanwhile, was continually advertising that he was *not* dead;" and advertising in vain. The Stationers' Company, it is added, applied for an injunction against the continued publication of almanacs put forth under the name of a dead man; and Sir Paul Methuen wrote to Swift that Mr. Bickerstaff's predictions had been condemned to the flames by the Portuguese Inquisition.

Mr. Forster cites the following amusing illustration which Young gave to Spence of Swift's figure and person (it might be added, and humour) in the latter years of his Whig connection, when Swift had reached about the sober meridian of forty:—

Mentioning that Ambrose Philips was a neat dresser and very vain (Pope laughed at him for wearing red stockings), he says that in a company where Philips, Congreve, Swift, and others were, the talk turned on Julius Cæsar. "And what sort of person," said Ambrose, "did they suppose him to be?" To which some one replying that the coins gave the impression of a small, thin-faced man, "Yes," rejoined Philips, proceeding to give an exact likeness of himself, "for my part I should take him to have been of a lean make, pale complexion, extremely neat in his dress, and five feet seven inches high." Swift made no sign till he had quite done, and then with the utmost gravity said, "And I, Mr. Philips, should take him to have been a plump man, just five feet eight inches and a half high, not very neatly dressed, in a black gown with pudding sleeves."

Among the interesting discoveries made by Mr. Forster at Narford, the family seat of Mr. Andrew Fountaine, descendant of Swift's friend, Sir Andrew Fountaine, is the first draft of Swift's well-known and most amusing modern version of the ancient legend of Baucis and Philemon, immortalized by Ovid. This little poem Swift made "beautifully less," at Addison's suggestion; and the unauthoritative facility with which he struck out, added, or altered, just as Addison decreed, is a fine trait of carelessness of his literary offspring which Mr. Forster contrasts with Pope's sensitive and suspicious vanity on a like occasion.

We must hasten on to the epoch of Swift's change of party, upon which rest

the charges that have weighed most heavily against his memory. We do not find it possible to ascribe that change to pure public principle. Such purity of principle was scarcely to be met with in the politics or politicians of Queen Anne's reign. "I am afraid," says Bolingbroke, in his well-known "Letter to Sir William Windham" (referred to by Mr. Forster),

that we came to court in the same dispositions as all parties have done; that the principal spring of our actions was to have the government of the State in our hands; that our principal views were the conservation of this power, great employments to ourselves, and great opportunities of rewarding those who had helped to raise us, and of hurting those who stood in opposition to us. It is, however, true, that with these considerations of private and party interest, there were others intermingled which had for their object the public good of the nation, at least what we took to be such.

We find pretty much the same mixture of motives (the personal, it must be owned, predominating) in Swift's adhesion to the Harley-St. John ministry, as in Bolingbroke's account of his own part in its formation. The personal neglect with which he had found, or fancied, himself treated by the Whigs was — his letters to Stella leave not the slightest doubt — the main source of Swift's readiness to transfer his talents, thus, as he thought, undervalued, to Tory service. But it is not less evident that his political sagacity, clerical professional bias, and pronounced preference of the landed to the moneyed interest (which at the epoch before us, was rejoicing in war and war-loans), intermingled in his case, as in St. John's, considerations of public good with those personal views and personal resentments which were avowed by both, with about equal frankness, as the principal spring of their actions.

The belligerent Whig cause, according to so good a Queen-Anne's-Whig authority as Lord Stanhope, turned from right to wrong when the High Allies, in 1709, refused to accept from Louis XIV. terms of peace, which really included all the legitimate objects of the war. At the conferences of Gertruydenberg, Torcy, in the name of Louis, and much swayed by the wise counsels of Marlborough went — we quote Lord Stanhope —

to the farthest limits of his powers to obtain a peace. He was willing to admit the several demands of England. He was willing to give up ten fortresses in Flanders as a barrier to the Dutch. He was willing to yield Luxem-

burg, STRASBURG, and Brisach to the Empire; and, moreover (subject to further instructions), Exilles and Fenestrelles to the Duke of Savoy. Above all, he consented to relinquish the whole of the vast inheritance of Spain. But he paused at the further demand, that Louis should promise or enforce abdication of the Spanish crown by his grandson. He could only promise to withhold every succour of men and money, and leave Philip to his fate.*

But the party of war, or peace on the hardest terms, was still ascendant at the Hague; and Marlborough — who, like other great English commanders, was no passionate partisan of war — was overruled in his dispositions for peace by his instructions from England. Upon the Whig ministry, therefore, in 1709, and their Continental allies, rests, according to the unimpeachable authority of Lord Stanhope, the grave charge of protracting a bloody and costly conflict, which, even in the judgment of the great general who conducted it, might then have been brought on fair terms to a close. "The High Allies have been the ruin of us," exclaimed Swift, two years before the date of his alleged apostasy from Whig to Tory principles. If Lord Stanhope, as above cited, is right, wherein was Swift wrong? And how, may we ask with unfeigned respect for the lamented historian,† could Lord Stanhope, in his "History of England from the Peace of Utrecht," say of Swift that —

bred as a Whig, under Sir William Temple; patronized as a Whig by Lord Somers; boasting of himself as a Whig in his writings; without a pretence of principle, without the slightest charge against his friends on public grounds, and merely on an allegation of personal neglect, he turned round to the Tory leaders at the very moment when those leaders were coming into office, and having evidently no better reason for deserting his cause than that he thought it in danger.

What cause? The cause of war *à outrance* with France? Swift thought, as we

* History of the Reign of Queen Anne, p. 385.

† As these pages are passing through the press, we have to lament the death of the accomplished historian. This is neither the time nor the place to pay a fitting tribute to the important services which Lord Stanhope rendered to literature, not only by his various historical and biographical works, but also by his advocacy in public of the claims of literature, and by his kindness in private to men of letters. But it may be permitted us to mark our sense of the loss which this review has sustained by the death of one of its warmest friends and most valued writers. His first contribution was an article on "The French Revolution," which appeared as long ago as March, 1833; and from that time to our last number he continued to take a lively interest in the review, constantly giving us the benefit of his advice, and frequently contributing some of the most valuable articles to our pages.

have seen Lord Stanhope also thinks, that cause a bad one. The cause of Whig church politics? Swift had stated to Lord Somers, and set forth in print, two or three years before the fall of the Whig ministry, his reasons for taking exception to those politics. So early as 1708, he had told the Whig ministry plainly that they might have carried the majority of the clergy with them, if they would but have veiled or bridled their contempt of the claims and sentiments of the clerical order, and shown the Church as a body the same respect and consideration as they showed its eminent members individually. Whatever may be thought of that view at the present day, in Queen Anne's time its emphatic expression by Swift rang true.

On the accession of the Tory ministry of 1710, the scene instantly changed for Swift, as well as for his Irish ecclesiastical constituents—that is, for the authorities of the Irish Church, who had entrusted him with the advocacy at court of the claims of that Church to the remission of “first-fruits,” which the good Queen Anne had lately remitted in England, thus affording ground for hope that her piety would extend the same boon to Ireland. Harley at once saw the importance of securing to the side of the ministry such a political proselyte and literary auxiliary as Swift. He writes to Esther Johnson, of the first minister: “I am told by all hands he has a mind to gain me over.” At his first interview with Harley, the latter listened patiently to the vicar of Laracor's whole history of the Irish first-fruits' grievance, which Swift had pressed to no purpose on the Whigs, and, when he had heard it through, promised to do the business at once with the queen, and kept his word. He should bring Swift and the secretary of state, Mr. St. John, acquainted; he called him by his Christian name, Jonathan; and he “spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem,” that the other was half inclined to believe what some friends had told him, that the ministers were “ready and eager to do anything to bring him over.”

Upon Swift's first dinner with Mr. Secretary St. John, better known to fame in after years as Bolingbroke, he writes to Esther Johnson:—

I am thinking what a veneration we used to have for Sir William Temple, because he might have been secretary of state at fifty; and here is a young fellow, hardly thirty, in that employment. His father is a man of pleasure, that walks the Mall, and frequents St. James's coffee-house and the chocolate-

houses; and the young son is principal secretary of state. Is there not something very odd in that?

Swift informs his correspondent that, when he supposed the first-fruits' business to be finally settled, he told the minister that he would very shortly be intending for Ireland; on which Harley frankly told him that

his friends and himself knew very well how usefully he had written against measures proposed by the late ministry, to which on principle he had been opposed; and this had convinced them that he would not feel bound to continue to favour their cause simply because of his personal esteem for several among them. There was now entirely a new scene; but the difficulty to those who directed it was the want of some good men to keep up the spirit raised in the people, to assert the principles and justify the proceedings of the new ministers. He then fell into some personal civilities which it will not become me to repeat, and closed by saying that it should be his particular care to represent me to the queen as a person they could not be without. I promised to do my endeavour in that way for some few months. To which he replied, that he expected no more, and that he had other and greater occasions for me.

“One thing,” adds Mr. Forster, “the first minister had not said, but Swift knew it very well, and St. John afterwards characteristically confessed it to him. ‘We were determined to have you,’ he said. ‘You were the only one we were afraid of.’”

If it were necessary to say anything more in extenuation of Swift's so-called political apostasy, we might ask, as Swift himself asked in one of the first “Examiners” he wrote for the Harley ministry—how certain great men of the late ministry (Marlborough and Godolphin) came to be Whigs; and by what figure of speech certain others, put lately into great employments (Shrewsbury and Somerset), were to be termed Tories? What, indeed, was Marlborough himself but a military convert from Toryism, caught by the baits held out to his love of fame and love of money by a Whig government, and who now gave some signs of being willing enough to apostatize back again to his original party, if they would have kept him in possession of that supreme command of the army which he had endeavoured in vain, under the late administration, to get granted him by royal patent for life? What was Harley but a politician of early Whig antecedents, who took, chameleon-like, any colours which promised best at

the moment to serve his turn? Political leaders who wavered in their allegiance, as Marlborough and Godolphin did, between two dynasties, could scarcely be entitled to throw the first stone at political writers who carried theirs from one to the other of two parties. In reviewing an epoch of which "*Nusquam tuta fides*" might have been the motto and cognizance, where is the political justice of singling out for special animadversion one individual instance, like Swift's, of alleged literary faithlessness? Faithlessness, we again ask, to what cause? If to the cause of war with France till her ruin as a first-rate power was accomplished, to persist in lavish expense of blood and treasure to effect such an end was no wiser than the effort of one eye of Europe to put out the other. Again, if the principle represented by Whig colours in 1710 was the principle of religious equality in the eye of the law, that principle was not adhered to by any party as regarded at least one communion, and, besides, was not a principle to which Swift had ever pledged himself, but the contrary.

At this epoch Mr. Forster says very truly of the subject of his biography:—

He had nothing in him of the hired scribe, and was never at any time in any one's pay. The minister he supported had to hold him by other ties. He might fairly look to future preferment; but the immediate condition of his party service was to "grow domestic" with those he served, exacting from them increased personal consideration. His familiar footing with the leading men alike of Whig and Tory, and his exception to the "unconversable" Somers, have in this their explanation; and what in later life he laughingly wrote to Pope was not without its gravity of meaning. "I will tell you that all my endeavours, from a boy, to distinguish myself were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong is no great matter: and so the reputation of great learning does the office of a blue ribbon, or of a coach and six horses."

Queen Anne had only one public principle, that of zeal for the Church, and adhered to it with a tenacity which must be regarded as honourable. That one principle Godolphin had clumsily contrived to array in opposition to the Whig ministry of which he was chief, by the impolitic solemnity he chose to give to the trial of Dr. Sacheverell. Harley and St. John, for whom that impolicy had furnished the first stepping-stone to power, were, it must be admitted, rather curious representatives of church principles. They had

both received their early education amongst the Dissenters, and the two were pretty much on a par in sincere Churchmanship. But the really decisive motive with Queen Anne for changing her confidential councillors would seem to have been the intolerable temper and tyranny of the Duchess of Marlborough—the "dear Mrs. Freeman" of her "unfortunate faithful Morley." The queen had been sufficiently alarmed already by the duke's insistence on his captain-generalship for life; but she was daily disgusted by the overbearing advantage taken by his shrew of a wife of her own weak spirits and apparently inexhaustible patience. There needed only an adroit waiting-woman, and a crafty councillor brought up the backstairs, to instruct her Majesty how to shake herself free at once from domestic and political thralldom. And the pusillanimous temper of the prime minister Godolphin conspired for the overthrow of his own party, with the new-born self-assertion of the sovereign. "If lord treasurer can but be persuaded to act like a man!" wrote Sunderland to Marlborough. But Godolphin and his colleagues tamely suffered the queen to break up their cabinet one by one, like the old man's bundle of sticks in the fable. And the Duchess of Marlborough's violence and insolence completed the ruin of her party, by finally exasperating her long-suffering mistress against herself.

Our lifelike acquaintance with the Harley-Bolingbroke ministry we owe entirely to Swift's "Journal to Stella":—

That wonderful journal [says Mr. Forster] that unrivalled picture of the time, in which he set down day by day the incidents of three momentous years; which received every hope, fear, or fancy in its undress as it rose to him; which was written for one person's private pleasure, and has had indestructible attractiveness for every one since; which has no parallel in literature for the historic importance of the men and the events that move along its pages, or the homely vividness of the language that describes them; and of which the loves and hates, the joys and griefs, the expectations and disappointments, the great and little in closest neighbourhood, the alternating tenderness and bitterness, and, above all, the sense and nonsense in marvellous mixture and profusion, remain a perfect microcosm of human life.

Where would Swift now be, as a living memory among men, but for his "Journal to Stella"? It may be too much to say where Johnson would have been but for Boswell's "Life." Captain Gulliver would

have sufficiently secured his creator from oblivion, as Robinson Crusoe did Defoe. But what manner of man Swift was individually, as well as in relation to his most distinguished contemporaries, must have been gathered from sources of very imperfect or very untrustworthy information, had he not himself put on record, for sympathetic eyes, in the minutest detail, his daily life in London at an epoch of intense interest as well for himself as the public. The curious thing is, that Mr. Forster has made the discovery that the "Journal to Stella" has no right to be called the "Journal to Stella," though it be so entitled in every edition of Swift hitherto published. "At the time when the letters composing that journal were addressed to Esther Johnson and her companion, the name which eternally connects her with Swift had not been applied to her. Most certainly it was not used in any part of the letters themselves, nor had been previously in any known piece of writing concerning her."

Another meritorious feat of Mr. Forster is the discovery of the origin of the "little language" which forms so large and whimsical an ingredient in Swift's letters to Esther Johnson, and the restoration, in his appendix, of the passages written in that language, so far as recoverable from the partially preserved original MSS. of those letters in the British Museum. "There can be no doubt," says Mr. Forster, "that what he called 'our own little language,' hitherto all but suppressed by those who have supplied the materials for his biography existing in his journals, began at Moor Park, and began in the man's imitation of a child's imperfect speech. The loving playfulness expressed by the 'little language' had dated from Esther Johnson's childhood; it in some way satisfied wants of his own nature, or he would not have continued so lavishly to indulge it."

Amongst the earlier entries in what we must crave leave still to call the "Journal to Stella," we find the following minute item to satisfy the curiosity of his correspondent about his London lodgings:—

I lodge in Bury Street, where I removed a week ago. I have the first floor, a dining-room and bed-chamber, at eight shillings a week; *plaguy deep*, but I spend nothing for eating, never go to a tavern, and very seldom in a coach; yet, after all, it will be expensive.

Presently he writes:—

You must know it is fatal to me [I am fated] to be a scoundrel and a prince the same day:

for being to see him [Harley] at four, I could not engage myself to dine at any friend's; so I went to Tooke [his publisher], to give him a ballad and dine with him; but he was not at home: so I was forced to go to a blind chop-house, and dine for ten pence upon gill ale, bad broth, and three chops of mutton; and then go reeking from thence to the first minister of state.

Another specimen of the small economies of Swift's Life in London:—

I have gotten half a bushel of coals, and Patrick, the extravagant whelp, had a fire ready for me; but I picked off the coals before I went to bed.

It is only due to Swift to say that he was not less minutely attentive to prudential calculation for others than he was for himself:—

To-day I was all about St. Paul's, and up at top, like a fool, with Sir Andrew Fountaine and two more; and spent seven shillings for my dinner like a puppy: this is the second time he has served me so; but I will never do it again, though all mankind should persuade me; unconsidering puppies! There is a young fellow here in town we are all fond of, about a year or two come from the university, — one Harrison, a pretty little fellow, with a great deal of wit, good sense, and good-nature; has written some mighty pretty things. He has nothing to live on but being governor of one of the Duke of Queensberry's sons for forty pounds a year. The fine fellows are always inviting him to the tavern, and *make him pay his club*. A colonel and a lord were at him and me the same way to-night. I absolutely refused, and made Harrison lag behind, and persuaded him not to go to them. I tell you this, because I find all rich fellows have that humour of using all people without any consideration of their fortunes; but I will see them rot before they shall serve me so. Lord Halifax is always teasing me to go down to his country-house, which will cost me a guinea to his servants, and twelve shillings coach-hire; and he shall be hanged first. Is not this a plaguy silly story? But I am vexed at the heart; for I love the young fellow, and am resolved to stir up people to do something for him: he is a Whig, and I will put him upon some of my cast Whigs; for I have done with them, and they have, I hope, done with this kingdom for our time.

O cæcas hominum mentes! In little more than three years the Whigs were back again in power, and the Tories the proscribed party under a new dynasty.

The "little language" of infantine and affectionate jargon in Swift's journal to Stella contrasts rather piquantly with what we may call the large language, also to be found in that journal, of opprobrious epi-

thets on all who thwarted his humour or crossed his personal purposes. "Grave mistakes," says Mr. Forster, "have been made by giving importance to such chance words as these, which are as frequent as they are meaningless in the speech of Swift." Mr. Forster instances Swift's description of the Duke of Ormond's daughters, when he met them in London in 1710, as "insolent drabs, coming up to his very mouth to salute him" — "the epithet of course meaning nothing but that, being fond of them, he was free to call them what he pleased." In like manner, he writes to Stella that he had "supped with 'the rambling lying rogue on earth,' as with a not unloving familiarity he calls Lord Peterborough." We cannot, however, go along with Mr. Forster in saying that when Swift calls "the Irish bishops insolent, ungrateful rascals, and Lord Somers himself a rascal, the words ought not to be credited with meanings such as would be given them in present ordinary use." We are, for our part, of opinion that when Swift called Lord Somers "a false, deceitful rascal," and said of the Whigs collectively, "Rot them for ungrateful dogs!" — he quite meant what he said. He meant to express a bitter sense of having been ill-used by them, and put off with fair words instead of buttered parsnips. In his age of unpublished debates in Parliament, literary services were more indispensable to public men and political parties than they are at present, and Swift had seen Addison paid for his, not with empty praise, but with the solid pudding of an under-secretaryship. But Swift had made the mistake of entering a profession whose graver members were scandalized by the satires he penned in its cause. A priest without vocation, a politician loaded with clerical odium, what can be said but "*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*"

That Swift was in earnest in abusing all who failed to help him forward, we cannot ourselves doubt. But perhaps it is hardly enough remembered that his large language about them chiefly occurs in his confidential letters to Stella, and in his marginal notes to his copy of Burnet's "History of his Own Time." Those of his readers who are most disposed to inveigh against Swift's invectives may take blame to themselves as parties to the publicity of those invectives — so far as participating in that insatiable curiosity for everything that dropped from that prolific and careless pen, which his successive editors, from Mr. Deane Swift to Mr. Fors-

ter, have done their utmost to satisfy. But for that curiosity, Swift's most exorbitant epithets on foes and false friends might have met no other eyes than those they were meant to meet, or, at most, no others than of those who might come into possession of his copy of Burnet.

Much less easily excusable than Swift's conduct to parties was his conduct to women. Upon the general judgment to be passed on that conduct we shall have more to say presently. Meanwhile we may remark, in closing the chapter of his connection with English politics, that as Swift sinned most signally against two women — poor Stella and Vanessa — so by two women — the queen and the Duchess of Somerset — he was most signally punished. The same wayward temper which marked his personal relations with the sex prompted his public attack, in the interest of his Tory patrons, on the one woman in England of whom he himself said, in a lucid interval, that she had more personal credit than all the queen's servants put together. In the "Windsor Prophecy," which Lady Masham's prudence just withheld him from publishing, but which his own prudence did not withhold him from distributing printed copies of among the sixteen symposiac members of the October Club, Swift, in the coarsest terms the language would afford him, charged the Duchess of Somerset, the queen's new Whig favourite (whom she seems to have chosen, with the policy of conscious weakness, to maintain a balance of power in her closet against her Tory one), with two crimes — the having been privy to the murder of her second husband, and the having red hair. The first charge was the mere reckless fabrication of party malice; the second must have sunk deeper, because it was true. The consequences to Swift are recorded in rhyme by himself as follows: —

Now angry Somerset her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her murder'd spouse :
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills,
And thence into the royal ear distils.

It is certain that Harley and Bolingbroke, if agreed in nothing else, were agreed in the desire to keep Swift in England, and therefore to make his position in England tenable in point of personal dignity. Not less certainly some superior power or influence withstood their wishes, so that Swift's patrons, in an age when cabinets were compelled to bow submissively to court influences, found themselves unable to provide, even by a pre-

bend at Windsor, for their most politically effective and most personally valued partisan. To the very last, he confesses, he thought the ministry would not have parted with him, and could only conclude that they had not the option of making a suitable provision for him in England. In order to vacate the deanery of St. Patrick's, Dublin, for Swift, the prime minister, who had now been raised to the peerage by the title of Earl of Oxford, with the concurrence of the Duke of Ormond, then lord-lieutenant of Ireland, procured the removal of Swift's friend Dr. Sterne from that deanery by appointment to the bishopric of Dromore. "Sterne," says Sir Walter Scott, "had no apparent interest of his own, and was rather obnoxious to the Duke of Ormond. The circumstance, therefore, of his being promoted to the higher dignity, while Swift, with all his influence, only gained that from which Sterne was removed, indicates a sort of compromise between the queen and her ministers;" the former remaining resolute not to put a mitre—even an Irish mitre—on the head of Swift. "This affair," he says, in one of his last letters to Stella, "was carried with great difficulty, which vexes me. But they say here [in London] it is much to my reputation that I have made a bishop, in spite of all the world, to get the best deanery in Ireland."

In Jeffrey's "Essay on Swift," republished from the *Edinburgh Review*, some good indignation is expended on the monstrous greed of the new dean of St. Patrick's, importuning a ministry whom his writings had first floated, and kept afloat for years, in English public opinion, to pay the expenses (which he found would amount to about 1,000*l.*) incurred on his induction into his Irish deanery—the discharge of which, if thrown (as they were) on Swift himself, must involve him in debt, of which he had always a wise horror. We are reminded of the impeachment of the ass, in the fable, before the high court of beasts, for having indulged—not, like the beasts of high degree, in wholesale ovicide, but in a single sacrilegious nibble at the parson's glebe-grass.

It is a pleasing trait in the character of Addison, and a strong testimony to the personal qualities of Swift, that at the epoch of definitive Tory prostration and Whig triumph, on the accession of George I., Addison, whom that sudden shifting of the political scene replaced in office, hastened to intimate, through the bishop of Derry, to Swift his wish to renew with him those former friendly relations which had

been cooled to some considerable degree by party warfare. Swift met his old friend's overture in the spirit in which it was made, and, congratulating Addison on his new-fledged honours as secretary of state, added, "Three or four more such choices would gain more hearts in three weeks than the harsher measures of government in as many years." Had Swift's change of party-colours under the Tory ministry dishonoured him personally in the eyes of contemporaries, can it appear probable to candid readers that Addison, of all men, would have volunteered renewing their old habits of friendly correspondence?*

The unfortunate manner in which the opposite fates of Swift and Addison put and kept, in each instance, the wrong man in the wrong place was well hit off in the following few words (referred to by Mr. Forster) of Sir James Mackintosh, "What a good exchange of stations might have been made by Swift and Addison! Addison would have made an excellent dean, and Swift an admirable secretary of state."

In the career of the two great clerico-political humorists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—Jonathan Swift and Sydney Smith—there are traits of resemblance worth noting. Of these the most salient one is that both wanted to be bishops, and that neither could ever completely realize what malign influence frustrated him of a mitre:†

However little Swift's enemies, lay or clerical, might be disposed to recognize his title to be considered a good Christian, he placed beyond doubt his title to boast himself a good Churchman. His ecclesiastical politics, notwithstanding (or including) his "Tale of a Tub," were, from first to last, those of a staunch and somewhat (politically) intolerant Anglican. His methods, indeed, of serving, or saving, the sacred institution, with whose interests he had come to identify those of his own ambition, might naturally be regarded by a relig-

* "The death of Addison," says Sir W. Scott, in his "Memoir of Swift," "broke off their renewed correspondence, after some kind letters had been exchanged. Swift found a valuable successor in Tickell, the poet, surviving friend and literary executor of Addison. He was secretary to the lords justices of Ireland, an office of high trust, and he often employed the interest which it gave him in compliance with Swift's recommendations."

† The late Lord Holland wrote to Sydney Smith, in 1809, "I did not fail to remind Lord Grenville, that the only author to whom we both thought 'Peter Plymley' could be compared in English, lost a bishopric for his wittiest performance; and I hoped that if we could discover the author, and had ever a bishopric in our gift, we should prove that Whigs were both more grateful and more liberal than Tories." Mitres came to be in Whig gift, but not one for Peter Plymley.

ious queen, or represented to her by less religious councillors, as disqualifying Swift for the highest dignities of the Church. But in all his ecclesiastical politics, whether English or Irish, his efforts were *bond fide* devoted to ecclesiastical interests. Here, again, is a striking point of resemblance between the great dean of St. Patrick's, in the eighteenth century, and the scarce less renowned, in his day and generation, canon of St. Paul's, in the nineteenth. Each of them took up the cudgels for the Church in his different age and fashion, with a thoroughly congenial spirit of antagonism against its immediate assailants, the worst assailants being by each regarded as within its own pale. And to each (both being frustrate of mitres) these appeared naturally to be the reforming or rapacious members of the Irish or English episcopal bench. Swift's, like Sydney Smith's, tracts on ecclesiastical subjects were mainly devoted to the defence of the inferior clergy against episcopal encroachments. Some passages in his "Considerations," written in 1731, on two bills carried by the Irish bishops through the (Irish) Upper House, but defeated (mainly by Swift's exposure of them) in the Commons, are such exact prototypes of Sydney Smith's "Letters to Archdeacon Singleton," directed against the doings of the Ecclesiastical Commission of *his* day, that we cannot resist the temptation of placing them in juxtaposition. Swift's vehement deprecation of measures for multiplying a poor clergy, and his description (*in terrorem* of Irish landlords and farmers) of the "little, hedge, contemptible, illiterate vicar, from twenty to fifty pounds a year, the son of a weaver, pedlar, tailor, or miller," at once recall to recollection Sydney Smith's portraiture of the parson of the future after the carrying out of the Church-reform scheme of Bishop Blomfield and the Ecclesiastical Commission of 1840. He painted that parson in unforgettable traits, as

obese, dumpy, neither ill-natured nor good-natured, neither learned nor ignorant, striding over the stiles to church, dusty and deliquescent, with a second-rate wife and four parochial children, full of catechism and bread-and-butter.

But Swift's following suggestion is still more curiously anticipatory of the sarcastic incisiveness of our later humoristical Church-champion:—

Another clause should be that none of these twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty pounders may be suffered to marry, under the penalty of imme-

diat deprivation, their marriages declared null, and their children bastards: for some desponding people take the kingdom to be in no condition of encouraging so numerous a breed of beggars.

Others would add a clause of indulgence, that these reduced divines may be permitted to follow any lawful ways of living, which will not call them too often or too far from their spiritual offices. For example: they may be lappers of linen, bailiffs of the manor; they may let blood, or apply plasters for three miles round; they may get a dispensation to hold the clerkship and sextonship of their own parish *in commendam*. Their wives and daughters may make shirts for the neighbourhood; or, if a barrack be near, for the soldiers; in linen counties they may card and spin, and keep a few looms in the house: they may let lodgings, and sell a pot of ale without doors, but not at home, unless to sober company, and at regular hours.

Compare the above-cited passage of Swift with the following extract from Sydney Smith's "Third Letter to Archdeacon Singleton:"—

The whole plan of the Bishop of London is a ptochogony—a generation of beggars. He purposes out of the spoils of the cathedral to create a thousand livings, and to give to the thousand clergymen 130*l.* per annum each. A Christian bishop proposing, in cold blood, to create a thousand livings of 130*l.* per annum each!—to call into existence a thousand of the most unhappy men on the face of the earth—the sons of the poor, without hope, without the assistance of private fortune, chained to the soil, ashamed to live with their inferiors, unfit for the society of the better classes, and dragging about the English curse of poverty, without the smallest hope that they can ever shake it off! At present such livings are filled by young men who have better hopes—who have reason to expect good property—who look forward to a college or a family living—who are the sons of men of some substance, and hope to pass on to something better—who exist under the delusion of being hereafter deans and prebendaries—who are paid once by money, and three times by hope. Will the Bishop of London promise to the progeny of any of these thousand victims of the *holy innovation* that, if they behave well, one of them shall have his butler's place; another take care of the cedars and hyssops of his garden? Will he take their daughters for his nursery-maids? and may some of these "labourers of the vineyard" hope one day to ride the leaders from St. James's to Fulham? Here is hope—here is room for ambition—a field for genius, and a ray of amelioration! If these beautiful feelings of compassion are throbbing under the cassock of the bishop, he ought in common justice to himself to make them known.

It is due alike to Swift and Sydney

Smith to say that both were exemplary in the performance of the duties annexed to their ecclesiastical dignities, and that both considered those duties to include something more than mere formal observances. Swift appears to have given much attention to the business of his cathedral, and at length to have surmounted the prejudices of his archbishop (King) and the resistance of his chapter, "as the rectitude of his intentions, and his disinterested zeal for the Church, became more and more evident. He soon," adds Sir Walter Scott, "obtained such authority that what he proposed was seldom disputed." To the like effect the late Dean Milman testifies with regard to Sydney Smith at St. Paul's: "I find traces of him in every particular of chapter affairs; and on every occasion when his hand appears, I find stronger reasons for respecting his sound judgment, knowledge of business, and activity of mind; above all, the perfect fidelity of his stewardship." Both Swift and Sydney Smith were large in their charities, though both (Swift to an extreme point of parsimony) strict in their economy. The source of that economy was the same in both—a determined spirit of independence, struggling, at the outset, with narrow and adverse circumstances. Both were capable of acts of rare generosity, and both, as regarded personal bearing and oratorical powers, would have detracted nothing from the dignity of the episcopal bench, had they attained that object of their equal ambition. All this is incontestable; yet, when all has been said, "The Tale of a Tub," and the "Letters of Peter Plymley," somehow don't read episcopal. But we cannot doubt that many less worthy than Jonathan Swift, or Sydney Smith, to wear mitres have "exalted their mitred fronts in courts and parliaments," whether in England or Ireland.

"Sydney Smith," says Lord Houghton, in his pleasant-little volume of "Monographs," "often spoke with much bitterness of the growing belief in three sexes of humanity—men, women, and clergymen; but for his part, he would not surrender his rightful share of interference in all the great human interests of his time."

It needs [says Lord Houghton] no argument to prove that susceptibilities on the score of irreverence increase in proportion to the prevalence of doubt and scepticism. When essential facts cease to be incontrovertible, they are no longer safe from the humour of contrasts and analogies. It is thus that the secular use

of scriptural allusion was more frequent in the days of simple belief in inspiration than in our times of linguistic and historical criticism. Phrases and figures were then taken as freely out of sacred as out of classical literature, and even characters as gross and ludicrous as some of Fielding's clergy were not looked upon as a satire against the Church. Thus when Sydney Smith illustrated his objections to always living in the country by saying that "he was in the position of the personage who, when he entered a village, straightway he found an ass,"—or described the future condition of Mr. Croker as "disputing with the recording angel as to the dates of his sins"—or drew a picture of Sir George Cornwall Lewis in Hades, "for ever and ever book-less, essay-less, pamphlet-less, grammar-less, in vain exploring the Bishop of London, seated aloft, for one little treatise on the Greek article—one smallest dissertation on the verb in *μ*,"—it never occurred to him that he was doing anything more than taking the most vivid and familiar images as vehicles of his humour.

There can be no question that "the prevalence of doubt and scepticism" constrains the defenders of positive creeds to close their ranks, and desist from friendly chaffing at outposts with vedettes of the enemy. But is there not sometimes another effect of "the prevalence of doubt and scepticism"? When these are in the air, are they not apt to infect, to a greater or less extent, the livelier spirits among the consecrated champions of orthodoxy? Voltaire calls Swift "*le Rabelais d'Angleterre*," and says of him, "*Il a l'honneur d'être prêtre, et de se moquer de tout, comme lui*." The incomparable irony of Swift's "Argument against abolishing Christianity" could only have found scope at a period when the audacity of unbelief might be considered as legitimatizing the audacity of irony with which Swift encountered it. But it may be questioned whether a good deal of the spirit of the assailants does not animate such defenders, and whether the popular instinct is not, after all, right, which, even on the plea of saving the ark from falling, will not have it so handled.

One remaining marked resemblance between Swift and Sydney Smith was that each in his time stood forth a clerical champion of the political cause of Ireland. That cause in Swift's time included no recognition of even the existence of two millions, or thereabouts, of Irish Roman Catholic population; and that non-recognition has most absurdly been numbered amongst the political sins of Swift. But in Swift's day Irish Roman Catholics had no existence as a factor in English poli-

tics. James II. and Tyrconnel had annihilated for generations to come all chance of civil equality for Roman Catholics, whether in Ireland or England, by their insane conspiracy to use the wild Irish as armed auxiliaries against English Protestant liberties. Swift stood forward as champion of parliamentary and administrative autonomy for "the English settled in Ireland," drawing a hard and fast line of demarcation between them and the native "Papists," whom he described as being "as inconsiderable, in point of power, as the women and children." Not the less did the publication of his "Drapier's Letters" raise for all Irishmen the first standard of self-assertion against mere helot subjection to the selfish sway of English politicians and monopolists. Swift did not call the Irish Roman Catholics to his side; but they came without calling. The populace of Dublin were as warmly his allies as the parliamentary patriots of Stephen's Green. The ostensible cause of quarrel with Walpole's administration — Wood's halfpence — was, indeed, a trumpery one. But a government which could impose even a new copper coinage on its Irish subjects, without consulting their representative and administrative authorities, could impose anything else. That was the substantial and, in the later "Drapier's Letters," the avowed ground of Swift's resistance to Walpole in the name of the constitutional rights of Irish subjects. And the cause that triumphed in 1724 by the sole power of Swift's pen was the cause that again triumphed in 1782, when backed by the whole formidable armed force of the Irish volunteers. Alike at both epochs the rights or wrongs of Irish Roman Catholics, as such, were left altogether out of account. But not the less was the Irish Roman Catholic cause indirectly included in what appeared the exclusively Protestant agitations of the eighteenth century. And the first successful Irish agitator was Swift. No Irishman, by his own avowal, though born in Ireland, but not the less an idolized Irish popular leader. No advocate of "Catholic emancipation" (such advocacy would have been an anachronism), but not the less a precursor of Sydney Smith and Daniel O'Connell.

And now, what are we finally to say of Swift, the writer and the man, so far as the materials at present in our hands will carry us?

The first of Swift's critics whose judgment is of weight — Johnson in his "Lives of the Poets" — while more lenient than

some of those who have followed to his character as a man, appreciates less adequately his distinctive qualities as a writer. Boswell remarks that his "guide, philosopher and friend" showed also some disposition to depreciate Swift in conversation; and suggests as a possible, perhaps unconscious, source of prejudice against him, that Swift failed to exert, or at least exert successfully, his influence to obtain for Johnson an honorary degree of master of arts from Dublin University, when he was seeking, in his early struggles, an appointment as the head of a school. However that may have been, his inadequate appreciation of Swift seems sufficiently accounted for by the genius of the two men having had more points of mutual repulsion than attraction. Johnson finds Swift's distinguishing quality to have been good sense, rather than wit, humour, poetical fancy or imagination! Such was his own distinguishing quality, and Swift doubtless also possessed it in large measure. But the wit and humour — we may add, the fancy and imagination, which Johnson was himself deficient in, he seems to have been unable adequately to appreciate in another. Swift never would have made (as Goldsmith said Johnson would have done) his "little fishes talk like great whales;" and Johnson, who spoke slightly of "Gulliver's Travels," as if their main merit consisted in having hit on the idea of little men and big men, would have been incapable of carrying out that idea, had he himself hit on it, with that curious felicity which imparts such truth to fiction in the minute touches of Swift. There was not much more of poetry in Johnson's soul than of humour. His verse, vigorous as it was, might be described as rhetoric in rhyme.

A biographer with far other power of sympathy (as being himself a poet) with the poetical sides of Swift's genius was Scott. There is a tradition that Dryden, who was a kinsman of Swift, once said to him on some early attempts of his at high Pindaric flights, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet!" One can imagine Rubens saying to his pupil, the elder Teniers, ere the latter deserted "high art," and devoted himself to "Dutch drolleries:" "Pupil David, you will never be a painter!" But David made himself and his son into most effective painters, though neither of them painted fleshy Flemish Madonnas or fleshy Flemish chivalry. Swift could not have written "Alexander's Feast;" — granted. Could Dryden have written "Cadenus and Va-

nessa," or the "Humble Petition of Frances Harris"? Had Swift stuck to Pindaric odes, and panegyrics in pompous rhyme on Sir William Temple, it may be admitted that he never would have been a poet. When he struck into his own peculiar vein of fancy and humour, he became one. It is not the choice of subjects familiar or elevated that confers the title of poet; it is the inspiration of the poetical breath of life into the subjects chosen, whatsoever they may be.

Sir Walter Scott suggests the only possible circumstance which, "as at present advised," we can conceive admissible in part excuse of Swift's conduct to women. He suggests that disease, rather than selfishness, may have been, partly at least, to blame for that conduct. "The continual recurrence of a distressing vertigo was gradually undermining his health. . . . He might seek the society of Vanessa, without the apprehension of exciting passions to which he was himself insensible; and his separation from Stella after marriage might be a matter equally of choice or of necessity."

It may here be observed that Scott assumes the fact of Swift's marriage to Stella. Mr. Forster sees no evidence for that marriage, and Scott admits that there is no direct evidence of it. All the evidence is circumstantial and traditionary. For our own part, we attach less importance to the fact, as hitherto accredited, of a merely formal marriage, than to the question of motive of Swift's entire conduct towards the other party — and a third party concerned — previously and subsequently to that supposed event. We are not amongst those who regard marriage as an imperative part of the whole duty of man. But we are amongst those who think that men who abstain from marrying should abstain from philandering.* Had Swift been a Roman Catholic priest, his rôle, as regarded women, would have been easier. Some Spanish or Italian mother (we forget at this moment who) said to her son that, "if he remained a layman, he must beware of women; if he became a priest, they must beware of him." Swift sought to cumulate the priestly privilege with the lay license. Not license in the sense of profligacy, but, as we have said,

of philandering. It was a license he had allowed himself from early manhood. Following out Sainte-Beuve's personal and physiological method of criticism, we should say that Swift's "vice or weakness" (the great French critic adds, "every man has such") was the not uncommon one of a self-indulgent propensity to engage female sympathy, without making the return for that sympathy demanded by female affection. And on that point, *habemus confitentem reum*. In a letter written before he took orders, Swift replied as follows to some advice of a Leicester clergyman, whom he calls his "good cousin," referring to certain recent passages of love-making with one of his female acquaintances there. He wrote that —

As to marriage, he does not belong to the kind of persons, of whom he has known a great number, that ruin themselves by it. A thousand household thoughts always drive matrimony out of his mind whenever it chances to come there; and *his own cold temper and unconfined humour* are of themselves a greater hindrance than any fear of that which is the subject of his friend's letter. "I am naturally temperate; and never engaged in the contrary, which usually produces those effects." At the same time he admits he has failings that might lead people, in regard to such matters, to suppose him serious, while he had no other design other than to entertain himself when idle, or when something went amiss in his affairs: a thing, indeed, so common with him, that *he could remember twenty women in his life to whom he had behaved himself just the same way*. "I shall speak plainly to you," he added. And then came words which certainly foreshadow, if they do not make intelligible, the fate that was to join his name so strangely, through all future time, to that of her who then lived under the same roof with him, a child of ten years old. "The very ordinary observations I made with going half a mile beyond the university have taught me experience enough not to think of marriage till I settle my fortune in the world, which I am sure will not be in some years; and even then I am so hard to please myself, that I suppose I shall put it off to the other world."*

That habit of indecisive, inconclusive gallantry to amuse idle time — which, as we have seen, Swift wrote that "should he enter the Church, he would not find it hard to lay down in the porch," — he did not lay down in the porch, but carried into years of mature clerical manhood, when it had lost the excuse — whatever that might be worth — of thoughtlessness. Swift, like Goethe, was exceedingly susceptible of female influences, but, like

* We must admit that "philander" is a verb unrecognized by Johnson or Webster. We turned, therefore, for it to a quarter where the most out-of-the-way English words are sure to be found — an English-German Dictionary. In Flügel's Dictionary, "to philander" is Germanized as "*Den Schächer spielen, lieben, den Vertrauten machen*" — precisely the ways with women of which we complain in Swift.

* Forster's "Life," pp. 64, 65.

Goethe, reserved an interior self, which remained impassible to them. Each exerted the powers of pleasing which each possessed to attract female affections, which neither was prepared to reciprocate to the extent of undivided devotion to one object; and the result in both cases was what we must call tragical. Swift had to complain, in his later joyless years, that his female friends had forsaken him,* and Goethe — after tearing himself loose from an honourable love on very small motives — suffered a woman every way his inferior, whom he himself acknowledged to be a "poor creature," to throw herself into his arms unconditionally, and fasten for life her vulgarity on the ultra-refinement of his studiously composed existence.† Such were the fruits, in each case of overcalculation or over-fastidiousness — in short, selfishness. In Swift's case there is still an element of mystery, for the solution of which, if any more complete solution is possible, we have some right to look, and shall look with curiosity and interest, to the sequel of Mr. Forster's vigorous and sympathetic Apologia for the genius and character of the extraordinary man he has made his subject.

In the mean while let us just remind those who, while enjoying Swift the writer, are unmeasured in their denunciations of Swift the man, that had not the man been what he was, the world never would have possessed the writer. If Swift had been a model of clerical decorum, "The Tale of a Tub" must have remained unwritten; as, for that matter, so must "Gulliver's Travels," had Swift continued a staunch and satisfied Whig. The popular resurrection of Ireland would not have dated from the "Draper's Letters," had not Walpole held Swift, like Bolingbroke, at arm's length, under the first Georges. "Prince Posterity" must take the lot with all faults, and perhaps has no bad bargain.

We may say in conclusion, that Mr.

* In one of Swift's later letters to Pope (February 7, 1736) we find the following passage, which is not without its pathos: — "What vexes me most is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen of years ago, have now forsaken me, although I am not so old in proportion to them as I formerly was; which I can prove by arithmetic, for them I was double their age, which now I am not."

† Of all who have written, and written well on Goethe's relations to women, the only one we have met with who performs fearlessly the whole moral anatomy of the man is Mr. R. H. Hutton, in his "Literary Essays." Mr. Hutton is of opinion that Goethe really loved Christiane Vulpius, whom, after cohabiting with her seventeen years, he married. If he did love her, it was a love compatible with slight esteem, and with tolerance of slight esteem of others for its object. The "poor creature" took to drinking.

Forster is almost the first of Swift's biographers or critics who takes real pains to explore all the sources of fresh information on his subject which have been opened to him by others, or which personal research and inquiry have opened for himself. Johnson slighted Mr. Deane Swift's offer to aid him with family traditions and documents. Scott worked up very readably in his short memoir all the materials which came readily to hand, but does not seem to have thought it worth while to look far afield for more matter than he could bring within the compass of that memoir. Jeffrey in his "Essay on Swift," which he twice reprinted from his review, did his worst to wash on again the party blacking which he thought Scott had been rather too disposed to wash off the character of a Whig convert to Toryism. Macaulay and Thackeray had their own political and literary humours to vent at Swift's expense; and both, as regarded facts, were content with that *à-peu-près*, which was Sainte-Beuve's special horror, and with which, we may add, Mr. Forster is much too thorough-going in his championship of Swift's good fame to content himself. We must refer our readers to the preface of his present volume for the long list of tributaries, noble, reverend, collegiate, lettered, and bibliopolic from whom Mr. Forster acknowledges aids, or access to aids, in the shape of original documents illustrative of his subject which had hitherto been buried from the public eye in private repositories. Of these a portion only was available for the present volume; enough, however, to whet our appetite for more in the volumes which will complete the work. If finished with the industry and literary discrimination with which it has been begun, this new "Life of Swift" will be the most valuable of the many services which Mr. Forster has already rendered to lovers of English literature.

Swift has undergone the fate of all men whose characters have exhibited very pronounced features, rendered more pronounced, and more unpleasing, by age. He has been viewed at his worst. After his death, as before it, his genius has suffered sorrowful eclipse in misanthropy and mania. There seems to have been something the matter with his head almost all through his life; and the final autopsy revealed hydrocephalus. But, as inveterate readers of Swift, we are grateful to Mr. Forster for reminding the world that in his better days there was something else than water on his brain, or misanthropy in his heart. Swift, the author,

must ever rank amongst the perennial honours of English literature; and the work before us, when completed, will, we are confident, place Swift the man—if not on so lofty a moral pedestal as seems designed for him by his biographer—at least in a position to engage a larger share of human sympathy than has hitherto been accorded him by the common run of readers; a generation of whom it may be said, at the present day, that they know not Jonathan.

From Temple Bar.

HER DEAREST FOE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

WHEN Hugh Galbraith turned away from the dwelling where he had known the most of pleasure that had ever brightened his somewhat sombre life, nearly five months before this stage of our story, he felt strangely sore and stunned, yet not indignant. He had always accepted the position of "a fellow woman did not care about" with great philosophy, returning their indifference with full measure, yet not the least resentment. But this practical proof of his own unattractiveness struck home. Worst of all, it lent the additional charm of being out of reach to the woman who had so fascinated him.

She was a lady in the fullest acceptation of the word; delicate, refined. The attendant circumstances of keeping a shop must be repulsive to her, yet she preferred battling with the difficulties of such a life to accepting the position, the ease, the security she might enjoy as his wife. Nevertheless he loved her the more for her unwavering honesty; and, as he walked miserably to and fro, seeking to while away the weary hours till it was time to go to bed (for there were no more trains that day), he cursed his own precipitancy in having thus suddenly cut himself off from all chance of any more play in the game on which he had staked so much. He had not diverged from his original route with any intention of proposing to Mrs. Temple; he only wished to satisfy his eyes with the sight of her, and gladden his heart with the sound of her voice; and then in a moment a wave of passion carried him over the border of polite seeming into the reality of confession! Yet, after all, he did not know what was beneath the cards. He could not for a moment believe that Kate Temple's past contained any page she need desire to obliterate or conceal,

but there *was* something there she did not choose him to know. He was too candid to attribute his rejection to this reason. He recognized her actual indifference, while he recalled with a certain degree of painful gratitude the kindly emotion in her voice as she spoke her adieux. "I suppose it will come all right," thought Galbraith, with a dreary effort at manful, reasonable resignation. "I suppose the time will come when I shall think I have had a narrow escape from a piece of folly, for it is about the last sort of marriage I ever contemplated; but it's infernally bitter to give it up at present. Still, I suppose it is better for me in the end. Might I not have repented had she said 'Yes' instead of 'No'?" But even while he strove to argue himself into composure, the recollection of Kate's great lustrous eyes, dewy with unshed tears, her expressive mouth, the rich red lips tremulous with kindly sympathy in the pain she inflicted, came back to him so vividly that he longed with a passion more ardent, more intense than he had ever felt before, to hold her in his arms and press his lips to hers.

The Grange, as it was familiarly called—or Kirby Grange, to give the full appellation—the old house of the Galbraiths, was even more desolate than Sir Hugh expected to find it. His boyish reminiscences presented him with a lonely picture enough, but not equal to the reality.

Yet he soon grew to be at home there. Galbraith, though essentially an aristocrat, was not in the least a fine gentleman; the plainest food, the simplest accommodation sufficed for him. His soldier-servant, a man in the stables, an old woman and her daughter to keep the house, formed an ample retinue. Some modern additions to such portions of the antiquated, mouldy furniture as could still be used made a few rooms habitable, and here Hugh Galbraith spent the summer, perhaps more agreeably than he would have done elsewhere. The land he had newly purchased gave him a good deal of employment. There were fresh leases to be granted on fresh terms; but some of his new acquisition he would keep in his own hands. Farming was exactly the employment that suited him. Moreover, Galbraith had been too long a poor gentleman, striving bravely and successfully to keep out of debt, not to have acquired a liking for money. To improve his property and add to it had become his day-dream. To this end he contented himself with a small personal expenditure, although when he first felt the unwonted

excitement of comparative wealth he was tempted to many indulgences he scarcely cared for, the first taste of life as lord of the soil awakened in him a thirst to extend his domains.

In the long summer days his greatest resource was a small schooner, in which he passed many a thoughtful hour, and which formed the canvas or groundwork on which Lady Styles embroidered her fiction of a "splendid yacht."

In short, Galbraith went wisely and systematically to work to effect his own cure; nay, he sometimes thought he had succeeded. Perhaps for a few extra busy days the haunting, aching regret would be silenced or kept at bay; but when he most fancied the ghost was laid, a breath of mignonette wafted from the garden, a gleam of sunset over the sea, the coo of the wood-pigeon, or even a wild easterly gale dashing the storm-tossed waters with giant wrath against the dark cliffs that stood up with savage strength against them — anything, everything would touch the electric chain of association and bring back those few weeks of strange companionship vividly before him. Again he would see Kate's eyes, the exact colour of which he never quite made out — dreamy, earnest, tender, resentful — he knew them in every change; and the rounded outlines of the pliant figure he had so often greedily watched sinking down into attitudes of natural, graceful repose, or rising into unconscious stateliness — the restful manner, the frank, unstudied talk — all would come back to him with painful intensity.

But on the whole he gained ground. He thought, he hoped, these fever fits were growing fewer and further between. To complete his cure he seized gladly upon the opportunity offered by his friend, being so far on his way northward, when he found Upton was the guest of Lady Styles, and soon succeeded in persuading him to forsake the gaieties of Weston for the ruder hospitalities of Kirby Grange, much to her ladyship's indignation.

It was September and the weather was glorious. Galbraith and his friend had had a long enjoyable day on the moors, which were a few miles inland from the Grange. They had not "made bags" worthy of notice in the local papers, but they had had sufficient sport to give zest to their long tramp over the springy heather.

The wide horizon of the "fells" imparts a sense of light and liberty which no rock-bound valley, however beautiful, conveys.

You are in no way shut in. The beauty and freedom of nature impress themselves upon you, and her awful power is out of sight. The far-stretching purple distance, spread out in undulations, like billows arrested in their swell, gives the idea of a moorland ocean, with even a greater consciousness of liberty, for it needs no imprisoning ship; you may plunge yourself on any side over a boundless space of bloom and fragrance towards the distant blue: —

And now in front behold outspread,
Those upper regions we must tread
'Mid hollows and clear healthy swells,
The cheerful silence of the fells.
Some two hours' march with serious air
Through the deep noontide heats we fare;
The red grouse springing at our sound,
Skims now and then the shining ground;
No life save his and ours intrudes
Upon these breathless solitudes!

Neither Galbraith nor Upton were able to quote Matthew Arnold, yet both felt the influence of the scene; the breezy, healthy, life-giving atmosphere sent them back satisfied with themselves, and pleased with each other.

Colonel Upton's was a much lighter and more complex nature than Galbraith's. "Enjoyment," it must be admitted, was "his end and way," and he had hitherto accomplished this end very successfully. A little more of selfishness might have made him odious; a trifle more light-heartedness would have made him uninteresting: but, for once, no ingredient preponderated, and a pleasanter, more popular fellow than Willie Upton never existed. No one would have thought of confiding any difficult or profound undertaking to his guidance, but of the pluck and dash that would carry him over any five-barred gate of obstacle at a bound he had plenty. When we add that he was Irish on his mother's side, the un-English facet of his nature is accounted for.

The friends descended from the dog-cart which had conveyed them to and from the scene of their sport, ravenously hungry and sufficiently tired to enjoy easy-chairs after a hearty repast in a window of the dining-room, from whence a glimpse of the sea glittering in the moonlight could be caught. Here they smoked for a few minutes in silence; silence seldom lasted longer when Colonel Upton was present.

"I think," said he, slowly waving his cigar, and watching the curls of smoke — "I think a certain amount of roughness is necessary to perfect enjoyment."

"How?"

"Why, to-day has been almost, indeed altogether, perfect — and yet it was in the rough-and-ready style — pardon my scant civility. But if we had had an array of keepers, and gillies, and ponies, and an elaborate luncheon awaiting us at a certain point, and several crack shots, and heaven knows what besides, it would have been infinitely less enjoyable than our quiet day with that queer specimen of a game-keeper. Our sandwiches and biscuit with a dash of Glenlivet in that deliciously cold spring-water was a banquet for the gods! It is a great mistake to paint the lily."

"I am glad you were pleased," said Galbraith.

"Be the sport what it may, I don't care to have the game beaten to my foot," resumed Upton. "I like to do my own stalking. By the way, Galbraith, I never saw such a queer, cold fellow as you are. If I had come into a fortune as you have, after having been in a hard-up condition all the days of my life, there would have been no holding me. You used to be livelier last winter; but you are as grave, ay, worse, now as in the old times. I don't think you are a shade jollier for having 'a house and estate and three thousand a year' — or it is four?"

"I don't think I am," said Galbraith, quietly. "There is so much in idea. A man can but have what he wants, and my wants are almost as easily provided with four hundred a year as four thousand. I tell you though, what I do enjoy, Upton; I like living in this old den; I like walking over the lands I have bought back; I like planning to buy more, and watching my opportunity to do so. But I sometimes think of Indian camp-life with regret."

"I dare say you do. You are one of those fellows who are jolliest under difficulties. However, this might be made a nice place; four or five thousand in repairs, and two or three in furniture would make it very habitable. Then a well-bred wife with a pretty sister or two, to amuse your friends in the shooting-season — and there you are."

Galbraith smiled grimly. "If the future Lady Galbraith requires three or four thousand pounds' worth of furniture, she must supply them herself," said he.

"What an extraordinary effect money has!" cried Upton. "I suppose if you had never come into your uncle's fortune, you would have been marrying some pretty nobody without a rap? Now you want more."

"Well, life in our grade is very costly, once a wife is added to its encumbrances, — my first desire is to collect a little more of the old estate — that will take all my spare cash, and not bring much of a return for some time to come, so the furnishing may wait." After a pause, during which Upton hummed the "*Sieur de Framboisie*," Galbraith resumed, "I suppose I must marry some day; but at my age a fellow may count on seven or eight years' liberty."

"You may if you like, but you'll be approaching the 'old boy' period. However, I daresay you will find a spouse without much difficulty at any period. You are so desperately modest; you always affect to believe yourself unacceptable. Did you ever try to make yourself agreeable to any woman?"

"Yes," returned Galbraith, unmoved, "and failed signally."

Upton laughed, but gave his friend a keen glance.

"Then I am disposed to quote a scrap of verse my sister's little girl used to sing to me — 'Try, try, try again.'"

"In due time," said Galbraith, gravely; "I imagine it would be rather a nuisance to have a wife very much in love with you; but I shall probably by-and-by find a woman of good family, with a sense of honour and some intelligence, who will have no objection to add her fortune to mine, and share both with me, and we shall jog along very comfortably."

"Good God! what an appalling picture!" cried Upton, throwing away the end of his cigar, and pouring out a glass of claret. "Have you no warm blood in your veins, Galbraith? There is nothing half so delightful as being in love, except being fallen in love with. I intend my wife to be tremendously in love with me; and will do my best to keep her in that frame of mind, thinking all my sayings marvels of wit or wisdom, and my doings heroic action — and —"

"I wish you success," interrupted Galbraith, drily. "If I ventured to form any special wish on such a subject, I should wish for a companionable wife."

"Companionable," returned Upton, doubtfully; "I am afraid that's a little like wanting the moon. I have met heaps of charming, amusing, tormenting, delightful, good, bad, and indifferent women, but the companionable ones are few and far between; and when found are a long way at the far side of a certain age. Then, if a wife is companionable, she will find it hard to preserve the little illusions re-

specting her husband's genius and capabilities, which make it so pleasant for both. She will be too much as one of us, knowing the difference between good and evil. After all, those old Greeks were very sensible fellows — the simple, unenlightened respectable wife for the home — the dashing, accomplished, pleasure seeking and giving hetaira for holiday life."

"I should like a mixture of the two."

"You are unconscionable; they can't unite; the mistake we moderns make is the attempt to smother the inevitable compensations of existence behind transparent bogie-covered screens of propriety. The hetaira would not be such bad creatures if they only had property. It makes an enormous difference in any morality whether you have to dip into another's pocket for your necessities and luxuries, or have the wherewithal to pay for them in your own."

"Whether the hetaira had property of their own or not, I imagine they would do their best to clutch that of their admirers."

"Well, that is an open question. I am thinking of companionable women. To be companionable, a woman must have a certain amount of liberty both of thought and action, which, owing to our insular prejudices, we would rather not see our wives possess. There is something of the sort abroad, but I shall not vote for importing it; but I ask you, Galbraith, is there any creature on earth so uncompanionable as a well-bred, well-educated good English woman, a creature you would trust your life to, who would quietly go through fire and water for any one she loved, or even believed she ought to love; but she has no more conception of the world as *we* know it, than one of her own babies (I put young girls out of the category). The realities of life must not be mentioned before her; the sources of some of a man's most trying difficulties, even if she really knows them, she must assume to be ignorant of. If one differs on religious points with the tutelar priest whose ministry she attends, she either tries to convince you by the funniest little sentimentalities, or tells you she will pray for you, or does it without telling, if she is very much in earnest. By the way, it's a capital means of keeping yourself in her mind's eye to be horribly irreligious if you want to make an impression. Then politics. What are her views? A sort of rose-colored conservatism mixed with faith

and good works, and a deep regret that you should be so hard-hearted as to vote for the reduction of expenditure when poor men want employment and salaries so much. There is a philosophic summary for you."

"I do not know about the philosophy," said Galbraith; "but I know I hate blue women."

"So do I; but then, my dear fellow, I want to convince you of your folly in expecting contradictory perfections in the same individual. Heaven preserve us from the logical well-instructed female who understands everything a deuced deal better than our noble selves. Nineteenth-century English woman! with all thy faults I love thee still! But talking of politics —"

"You were talking of women," interrupted Galbraith, in a sort of growl.

"Well, I think I have exhausted the subject. So to talk of politics. I heard you were going into Parliament?"

"I thought of doing so, and an absurd paragraph got into the papers, thanks to my sister, Lady Lorrimer, I fancy — there's a female politician for you, Upton! — but when I came down here, and went about among the people, I saw I had no chance till these shrewd, cool-headed north-countrymen knew me better. I would not care to represent any other constituency. Besides, Upton, I am such an ignoramus in politics. I want to feel my way a little before I commit myself to be moved hither or thither by the minister I follow."

"Oh, if you wish to reduce your importance to a vanishing point go in for independence."

"Meantime, I am quite content as I am, if I am only left alone. Thank God, I have no near neighbours; but since the people began to come down to the country I have had four or five invitations. I have refused them, but I shall be considered a sulky, ungracious fellow."

"Of course, and your chances of picking up that companionable woman you are on the lookout for considerably diminished."

Galbraith nodded with a kindly, smiling look in his eyes, as though his friend's chaff was acceptable because of the chaff.

"I tell you what, Galbraith: you had better leave them all behind. I mean the hospitable families, and come with me. I am engaged to pay a visit in H—shire about the seventh. Capital house, first-rate peasant-shooting; man of the house

my granduncle. Besides, I want your opinion of a young lady I have partly promised to marry."

"Promised to marry! Promised who?"

"Well, not the young lady, but my sister; you see the girl is granddaughter to my granduncle—do you see the relationship?—and but for the laws of entail she would be a great heiress; as it is, I step in and—rob her, I believe she thinks. Now my sister is of opinion that the best reparation I could make would be to marry her. I shall see about it. Won't you come, old fellow, and support me? We'll not stay too long; and as my leave is nearly over you might come on and have a peep at Ireland. It is the queerest country. We are down at Cahir, a most barbarous *locale*; but the change will do you good, for in spite of the content you profess, I can't help fancying you are somehow down on your luck."

After some difficulties and demurs on Galbraith's part, this was agreed. Indeed Hugh felt loth to part with his pleasant, cheery comrade; and sundry schemes of sport and yachting were planned to occupy the ten days that intervened before the date on which Colonel Upton was due in H—shire.

"I suppose," he said, as they were about to separate for the night, "I suppose your arm is all right, quite strong again?"

"Yes, I suppose it is. I don't remember it now."

"You were lucky in your secretary. I used to laugh at the frequent, neatly-written notes I used to receive. I take long odds the writer was not old?"

"No," in a candid tone, "she was not old."

"Nor ugly either? That good-natured, idle gossip, Lady Styles, told me a wonderful story about a lovely widow at the Berlin shop. Indeed, she took me there one day to see her, but of course she was not visible. Now, had I been in your place, I should have had 'a good time,' as the Americans say."

"I do not think you would," returned Galbraith, coldly. "My landlady was a very respectable person. I imagine a decayed gentlewoman."

"That sounds elderly, at any rate. Are you sure she was not a companionable woman? Ah, Galbraith, it is enough to shorten one's life even to associate with a fellow so desperately in earnest as you are. However, you must come with me. Now, I remember, there is an elderly young lady at Storrham, aunt, I think, to

my fair one. She is very enlightened and strong-minded, wears spectacles and a crop. She is sure to be a 'companionable woman,' the exact article you require."

Thus it happened that Hugh Galbraith became the guest of Philip Upton of Storrham Hall, master of the foxhounds, and owner of a grand country-seat, which he had always kept up in a corresponding style. Having been blessed with a son, whose tastes were as expensive as his own, and who died a few years previously, he had not been able to save much for his granddaughter. Her younger child's portion, though unusually good, he considered a miserable provision.

He was therefore anxious that a marriage should be arranged between his grandchild and the heir-apparent. Upton and his friend were consequently favoured guests. It was a very pleasant house. The absence of a stately, elderly dame from the presidency made life less conventional, and the spectacled aunt proved to be a very lively personage, harmlessly and amusingly eccentric. Galbraith had not for long found time pass so agreeably. Upton's cousin was a graceful if not pretty girl, rather sentimental and romantic, with whom he did not appear to make such rapid progress as he perhaps anticipated; but there were other ladies who came to and fro of better, or at any rate, more appreciative taste, and on the whole the fortnight at Storrham was a success.

However, time and the Horse Guards are inexorable. Upton had business in London, and Galbraith, though cordially invited to continue his visit, did not care to remain after his friend. The weather, too, had changed, and they had not been able to have quite so much shooting. Moreover, Galbraith felt ready for movement of any kind, and quite satisfied that a radical cure had been effected, and that he should no longer be tormented with the memories and longings he had at one time vainly striven to resist.

In good spirits and placid mood, therefore, he started with his friend for the H— Junction, where they arrived in sufficient time to allow Upton's servant to see to their luggage before the London train came in.

They were standing together watching its approach, when Galbraith's eye was caught by a figure in black that passed close to him. A tall lady, with a waterproof over her arm; a round cape-like cloak of black merino and lace, showed the fall of very graceful shoulders; a pret-

ty, quiet bonnet of some thin black gauzy material, white roses and black leaves, a rather thick black lace veil — common-place details — but the turn of the neck, the carriage, the quiet, even, gliding step, were familiar to him; he felt, with a thrill of delight, that it could be no other than his ex-landlady. He watched — he caught a glimpse of her face — he was right! he saw her hasty search in her pocket; he saw the ticket-collector put her back, but he made no motion, no sign, until the train was alongside, and Upton fairly seated in the carriage. He then said, "I shall follow you by the next train, and join you some time this evening."

"Why, what has happened?" What the deuce is the matter?" cried Upton, in great surprise.

"Nothing has happened. I shall probably tell you my reasons when we meet," returned Galbraith, smiling, and stepping back as he heard the whistle. Upton rose, and looked searchingly up and down the platform; but Mrs. Temple was partly behind a pillar, and several people, male and female, were standing about. The moment the carriage containing his chum had passed out of sight, Galbraith, his heart beating fast, walked up to where Kate stood, striving to think, and feeling unspeakably adrift. Raising his hat he said very quietly:

"You seem to be in some difficulty, Mrs. Temple. Can I be of any use to you?"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

KATE thought she had indeed reached the acme of her misfortunes when Sir Hugh Galbraith's well-remembered voice met her ear. She had been dimly planning to return to Lillington to ask a trifling loan from Captain Gregory, if the station-master would have trusted her to the extent of the fare to that place; this would have made her return to London either painfully late or impossible. In London, Tom Reed being away, there was no one to whom she could apply — except indeed Mr. Wreford, whom she scarcely knew — and now the situation was brought to a climax by the appearance of Galbraith, the one person in the world who must not know of her visit to Captain Gregory. She felt absurdly nervous, and an uncomfortable tremor made her voice less steady than usual, as she raised her eyes to his and replied, "Why, yes. I am in a ridiculous though awkward difficulty. I have lost my purse — or, rather,

my pocket has been picked." The colour mounted to her cheek as she spoke, and she was conscious of a curious contradictory sense of comfort, as well as confusion, in having her friendly enemy at hand in such an emergency.

"Lost your purse," repeated Galbraith, "very awkward indeed. Are you travelling alone, may I ask?"

"I am."

"Then I am glad I met you, for I can see you to your destination and save you any further trouble."

"You are very good, but," colouring more deeply than before, and speaking with dangerous discomposure unlike her usual manner, "I do not wish to give you any trouble or interfere with your journey — or —"

"But if you know no one here, what can you do?" interrupted Galbraith. "Come, Mrs. Temple, let bygones be bygones! Because I was a presumptuous blockhead once, are you going to forbid my being friendly, or of use to you now you have brought me to my senses?" This spoken in his pleasantest tone, and with a frank smile, was a marvellously clever stroke for a big schoolboy like Galbraith to make. It put Mrs. Temple at ease, it assured her delicately that he no longer pretended to be a lover; and, more than all, it bound her to accept his friendliness, or risk appearing to recur coquetishly to his former character. She took him gladly at his word. If he was going to be simply a friend many difficulties would disappear. "Thank you very much," she replied, frankly, as he himself had spoken. "I shall be very glad of your help, for I am alone in London as well as here, obliged to stay for a few days on business."

"Indeed," said Galbraith, resisting his inclination to look into her eyes whenever they were raised to his, "Where is Mr. — Mr. — Tom?"

"Mr. Tom," said Kate, smiling archly, "is ever so far away — quite unavailable at present."

"That is very unfortunate, and what are you going to do about your purse? I hope you had not much in it?"

"A great deal too much to lose: a five-pound note and eight or nine shillings."

"Have you the number of the note?"

"No, I am sorry to say; I generally take the numbers of notes, but of course did not on this occasion."

"That is unlucky; however, we must see what is to be done. Porter, here! When is the next train to town?"

"Four ten, sir; and it's sometimes behind a bit."

"Half an hour to wait! Come, Mrs. Temple, you had better sit down in the waiting-room while I speak to some of the people. Don't go into the ladies' waiting-room, it is a cheerless den, the fire has gone out." So saying, and relieving her of her waterproof with a sort of friendly authority that amused Kate,—so much had they seemed to have changed places now that she was adrift and he knew his ground—Galbraith led the way into the waiting-room, established his precious charge near the fire, and went in search of the station-master.

The time that intervened before the London train was due was amply occupied by interviews with the station-master, the inspector, and others. Kate gave a detailed description of her purse, its contents, and also of her neighbour on the journey from Lillington, and added that a reward would be given if the contents should be restored.

"Will you allow me to look after this affair for you," asked Galbraith, "you can hardly manage it yourself in the absence of Mr. Tom?"

"Oh, thank you. I suppose there is nothing for either of us to do, once the thing is put into the hands of the police, and I have given them my address. You are probably not going to stop in town?"

"Yes, I am; for some little time." He was silent, pulling his moustaches thoughtfully for a minute, and then walked away after the retreating officials.

When he returned he had the tickets for their journey in his hand. "They are not without hopes of finding the thief," he said, cheerfully. "The inspector telegraphed at once to the police at King's Cross; and I thought it better to give my address in addition to yours. I am afraid these fellows will be sharper if they think a man is on the track."

"I have a better opinion of them," she returned. "I am sure they would work as well for a woman. I am almost sorry you gave your address."

"What!" exclaimed Galbraith; "you are not going to put me in punishment again?" a remark that somewhat silenced Kate. "But the train is alongside; we had better take our places," and he offered her his arm.

In spite of her difficulties present and prospective—in spite of the sort of resentment it excited in her to find herself obliged to follow Galbraith's lead—Kate could hardly refrain from laughing at the

absurdity of her position. Here was the man, to ruin whom she had undertaken that journey, assisting her with, at any rate, brotherly care; absolutely conducting her in the most conjugal fashion to the carriage! The care bestowed upon her, the sudden smoothing of difficulties, reminded her of her rare journeys during her married life—and she confessed to herself that it was very pleasant.

The train was full, yet no fellow-passengers were intruded upon their solitude; and, as Galbraith did not talk much, Kate, relieved in spite of her embarrassment, had ample time to think and form some towering air-castles.

Galbraith's friendliness, and freedom from everything like a lover's tone gave her great pleasure. He had probably found some charming girl infinitely more suited to be his wife than herself, and then a little sigh swelled her heart as she thought of her own nearly six-and-twenty years, and that the first freshness of youth—more from circumstances than from time—had left her forever! If she could establish a frank friendship with Hugh, there would be no difficulty in arranging matters amicably and justly when the time came for her to assert her rights; whereas, if they were hampered with the complications of a false position, things might go wrong indeed. Then she thought in a somewhat melancholy mood of the loss of her five pounds—it would make her week in London very costly. What would Fanny say to her day's adventure! How she wished she had that dear, impulsive, bright little goose to welcome her back when she reached her destination. Thus chewing the cud of sweet and bitter reflection, she leaned back with something of languor in her attitude, gazing dreamily through the window at the landscape as it flew past them.

Meantime Galbraith experienced an extraordinary sense of elation and delight. When he first recognized Mrs. Temple he acted almost without thought, on a prompt instinctive impulse, to get rid of Upton anyhow. He proposed no plan, no object to himself. At the sight of the woman whose domination he fancied he had thrown off, every idea, every consideration was merged in the imperative necessity of speaking to her, and hearing her speak once more. In the same mood, taking no heed for the morrow, and further blinded and fascinated by her ready acceptance of his professed change of tone, he plunged recklessly into the golden ocean of delight which their unexpected meeting offered.

It was so delicious, too, to have her even for an hour or two all to himself—in his hands, dependent on him. Whatever came of it, he was fiercely determined to enjoy the present moment.

At this point of his reflections he leaned forward with alarming tenderness in his eyes. "You are tired—you look tired," he said.

"Yes, a little," returned Kate, rousing herself; "I have walked a good deal. I went to see an invalid friend, and the house is some distance from the station."

"And how is Miss Lee, and Mills, and Pierstoffe generally?"

Kate replied, and they continued to speak of it, its scenery and characteristics, till Kate, half fearing the associations it might recall, mentioned Lady Styles and her report of the "splendid yacht," which made a useful diversion. Then their talk drifted to Kirby Grange and Galbraith's belongings in the north.

This was a subject of much interest to his companion, and she tried to draw him out, not unsuccessfully. It made her heart ache to see how deeply he was attached to the old place—how his imagination was occupied by the idea of recreating the Galbraiths of Kirby Grange in their original status. So, conversing with intervals of (to Galbraith) delicious silence, they reached King's Cross. Here, with the same promptitude he had shown since their startling *rencontre*, Hugh secured a cab, handed Kate in, directed the driver to the address he had heard her give to the inspector, and took his place beside her, remarking, "You said you would allow me to see you to your destination."

The noise of the streets and of their conveyance did not permit much talk, and Kate thought the journey never would end. What was she to do with him when she reached her lodgings? He would surely have the tact and propriety to go away without obliging her to dismiss him? The friendly footing he had established was very nice and sensible, but the friendship was safer at a distance. Kate in her inner heart distrusted it; that he should so far trouble himself on her account was natural, as she really needed his help: the intercourse, however, must stop here. "But I shall manage it," was her concluding and consolatory reflection. "I have a great deal more *savoir faire* than he has."

Adelaide Terrace was reached at last. Mrs. Temple could not be so ungracious as to turn upon the threshold and forbid

Galbraith's entrance, so he followed her into the little front parlor, from which she had removed the crochet snares, and rendered more habitable-looking even by one day's sojourn. Mrs. Temple did not sit down, so Galbraith remained standing, looking altogether too tall and lordly for so small an apartment.

It was now dark; the polite landlady lit the gas, and left the room. Galbraith made a sort of effort to speak, stopped short, looked down, and seemed suddenly to have lost the prompt self-possession he had hitherto displayed; then, meeting Mrs. Temple's eyes which expressed extreme uneasiness, he laughed, and exclaimed bluntly, "You must have some money till you hear from your friends."

"Oh, no—no thank you!" cried Kate, stepping back in the energy of her refusal. "I could not, Sir Hugh! I mean, you have assisted me quite enough! If you will be so good as to let me know where to write, I will send what you have already—"

"I shall be highly offended if you do anything of the kind," he interrupted; "besides, I must come and tell you if I get any tidings of your purse: in the mean time, you can't get on without money."

"And how do you know I move about with no larger capital than five pounds?" said Mrs. Temple, smiling.

"That's another thing," said Galbraith, looking keenly at her. "Have you any money?" he added, with his natural directness.

"No," she returned, laughing at the point-blank question; "still I do not need any from you, I assure you. I have my check-book with me, and my solicitor will cash a check for me to-morrow."

"Oh, very well," said Sir Hugh, a little disappointed, and he let his purse, which he had half drawn out, fall back into his pocket. "But I am sorry to hear you have a solicitor. Steer clear of those gentry if you can."

"Unfortunately, I cannot recover what is due to me without them," replied Kate, somewhat evasively.

"Take care that your dues are not swallowed up in the cost of recovering them," said Galbraith. He paused a moment: "I am keeping you standing"—another pause; but no invitation to sit down came—"so I will wish you good-morning."

"Good-bye, and thank you very much," returned Mrs. Temple, holding out her hand. It was the first time he had touched it that day, and it was given with a sweet, frank smile of recognition for his services;

yet Galbraith did not hold it a second too long, nor too warmly.

"I hope you are not overtired," he said, "and that I shall soon bring you tidings of your lost property." He bowed, retired, and the next minute Kate heard the cab drive away.

She sat down at once upon the stiff little sofa, and heaved a sigh of relief; then, starting up, she hastily set out her writing-materials, and wrote a hasty note to Fanny, enclosing a check, and requesting her to forward a post-office order by return. "Quarter to six," she exclaimed, looking at her watch. She rang, and asked her way to the nearest post-office, where an additional stamp insured the conveyance of her letter.

"That is the best plan," she thought as she walked back more leisurely. "I did not like the idea of going to Mr. Wrexford; besides it would have betrayed my whereabouts, though, I suppose, I must tell Mr. Wall when I see him."

Tea was ready when Kate returned, and, though puzzled and somewhat annoyed by this unexpected renewal of her acquaintance with Hugh Galbraith, she was infinitely less depressed than on the previous evening. Why, she would have been puzzled to explain; but she felt as if things would not end badly could she and Hugh come to a friendly understanding, but before all things it was necessary that she should first prove her rights.

The next morning came a long letter from Fanny. There is a wonderful pleasure in reading a long letter full of minute details respecting one's home, or any locality familiar and endeared—more welcome a thousand times than the most wittily and originally expressed epistle upon abstract topics.

"What a misfortune that Tom should have been called away," was the opening sentence. "I have been thinking of you ever since I had his letter, for I believe I knew all about it before you did. He is quite vexed himself; and Mr. Wall not come back yet! It is really too bad! You must be so miserable all alone in that awful London! I would cry my eyes out if I was in your place; but you will not, you are so strong and brave.

"It has been horribly wet ever since you left, and I have only taken three pounds eleven and sevenpence halfpenny, but Mrs. Jennings called and paid her account at last.

"I have had tea with Mills since you left, and we sit by the kitchen fire, so we

do not keep the parlour fire in. She has made great progress with the stockings she is knitting for you; but conversation is rather a difficulty. I don't think Mills values my opinion as she ought, so I proposed reading to her. She was very pleased; but I didn't think of her deafness, and now I don't like to go back; so, if I shout at you when you return, do not be surprised. We are going through the 'History of Pierstoffe.' You remember you bought it last spring. But I am surprised to find how sceptical she is: she has grave doubts that it ever was so poor a place as it is represented to have been. The gray cat is much better, and his coat looking quite handsome again. Shall I have the garden done up? Some of the trees want pruning.

"Such a funny thing happened to-day! I was in the shop after dinner, setting up some screens in the window, when a sporting-looking man, well dressed, though not a gentleman, I think, strolled past. He was a stranger, evidently, and yet his face was familiar to me. He stared very impudently, and, I am afraid, he *winked*, as he went by; but I had hardly got back behind the counter before he returned and walked in.

"'Have you any—any—' He stopped, looked round, as if trying to find something he could ask for. 'Oh, ah, gloves—that will do. I want a pair of dogskin driving-gloves.'

"'We only keep ladies' gloves,' said I, with dignity, I flatter myself.

"'Well, it's a mistake,' said he, sitting down and rapping his teeth with a queer little stick he carried. 'Gentlemen pay better, and are easier served, especially by a charming young lady like you.'

"I can't tell you how indignant and frightened I felt. You never saw such a horrid man! He had a white face and a red nose, and was altogether dreadful. Before I could think of anything grand and cutting to reply, he went on: 'Now, I'd lay long odds you never were behind a counter before! Your pretty fingers are not used to handle a yard wand. A pair of white reins from the bits of a couple of thoroughbreds are the ribbons you ought to handle. I have a notion I had the pleasure of meeting you before. Haven't I the honour of speaking to Miss de Burgh?' and he stood up and made me a wonderful bow, raising his horrible white hat ever so high. I didn't know what to do, and I just said, 'No, indeed, I am not.' How I wished for you! 'Then,' said he, 'if not, what may your name be?'

It flashed across me that he might be one of the detectives Tom talked about so; so I said very steadily — though, believe me, I was shaking in my shoes (boots, I mean) — ‘I don’t see what my name can possibly be to a stranger like you, sir. Can I show you anything?’ ‘That’s a hint, by Jupiter!’ he cried, with a roar of laughter. ‘Do I look like a fellow that would work Berlin wool, or crochet? No, nothing, thank you, my dear Miss de Burgh, unless, indeed, you can tell me where a young chap called Turner hangs out. He says his governor is a big-wig here! Do you know the name?’ I told him the only Turner I knew here was Turner & Co., the great drapery shop. Then he gave a great roar of laughter, and, taking off his hat again, he said ‘Good morning, Miss de Burgh,’ and walked away. I really felt quite ill after, and I puzzled over his face all day, but only this evening at tea it jumped into my head who he was. I am certain he is the same man that spoke to Tom the day I was at Waterloo Station on my way to you, dearest Kate, years ago — that is, two! And he is just the sort of creature to be a detective, or an informer of some kind. I have been miserable ever since. What could he want with that unfortunate young Turner? No good, I am certain! Do make haste and come back soon; we are lost without you. I am longing for an account of your visit to Captain Gregory. Lady Styles has not been here since. Ever your loving friend,

“FANNY LEE.

“P.S. — Have I not written you a splendid letter? It would do for a chapter in one of Tom’s stories! I hope ours will end in proper story fashion — with virtue, you, me, and Tom, rewarded; and vice, Sir Hugh, Ford, etc., etc., punished, though they are not very vicious, after all!”

Kate read this curious story a second time, and set herself to think the matter over steadily. She had forgotten the encounter at the Waterloo Station, if she had ever heard of it; but the description, and allusion to Tom’s knowledge of the mysterious stranger, induced her to conclude that he could be no other than the missing Trapes. She did not see what possible connection could exist between this man, Ford, and her own affairs. His acquaintance with Poole was accidental, and not difficult to account for, but his connection with Ford was utterly incongruous — a mystery she could not under-

stand. The more she reflected upon the matter, the more she acknowledged that there was no evidence whatever of Ford’s complicity in the scheme to defraud her. Nothing but her own unreasonable instinctive conviction; but to that, after arguing round a whole circle of probabilities, she returned as tenaciously as ever.

It was a bright, crisp morning — a morning that asked you to go out — but Kate felt bound to resist. She felt, while she smiled at her dilemma, that she could not venture to take “her walks abroad” with an empty pocket. No, she would stay indoors and wait patiently for Fanny’s letter and remittance, which would be sure to reach her to-morrow.

Meantime a minute search in her travelling-bag resulted in a “treasure trove” of fivepence-halfpenny, and Kate felt positively at ease when she put this slight store in her pocket. “How dreadful it must be to be absolutely penniless,” she thought, — “penniless, with little children crying to you for bread! Yet what power, what perseverance, what ingenuity the consciousness that you had them to provide for would bestow! The worst poverty is genteel poverty after all, — the loss of caste in the enforced abandonment of the gentlewoman’s habits and appearance. The position of women is growing more and more false every day: we cannot find men to work for us, and if we push our own way, we are supposed to forfeit our ladyhood and womanliness! Can it be that these graces, which ought to be innate, really depend on the purse? Is it possible we are compelled to admit the materialist conviction, that there is a money reason at the bottom of everything? I cannot! the common sense of mankind will right this in the future, for though its manifestations are very intermittent, there is a great deal of common sense in the world or it would be a vast lunatic asylum.”

But the idea of a money question sent her to her personal-expenditure book, over which she severely took herself to task for various unnecessary though trifling outlays which she considered self-indulgent. To be prudent and economical was no easy task to Kate Travers. Naturally appreciating artistic elegance — ugliness and vulgarity in her surroundings was positively painful. A large liberality, never stopping to count the cost of what she bestowed, was inherent in her; moreover, the physical perfection of her frame disposed her to a certain luxurious indolence. It is your nervous, unequally de-

veloped nature that prompts to restless action and objectless self-denial — the richer, fuller being is content to stand at ease and wait, confident in its own force when the moment for action comes. Moreover it was an enormous advantage to her that her intellect had been so much cultivated before passion had stirred from the sleep of childhood. As yet her idea of passion was an intellectual flame; she did not realize the strong human necessity of contact, she did not perceive that even "through the laying on of the apostles' hands, the Holy Ghost was given."

But the great corrective to Kate's most deeply-rooted faults, pride and an imperious will, was an inexhaustible sense of justice to others, or rather a sympathizing equity, which is above the dry rigidity of barren justice. A tender equity, ever ready to pay the fines it was compelled to inflict — this, and a sturdy independence, a shrinking from obligation — money obligation — kept the current of her energy from stagnating, and gave to her air and manner the indescribable restfulness of strength.

When Hugh Galbraith reached his hotel the previous evening he was informed that Colonel Upton had engaged rooms, and gone out, intending to dine at the club. Thither Galbraith followed, but did not find him; and, rather to his satisfaction, dined alone. The evening was long, though assisted in its course by a game or two of billiards with a chance acquaintance who happened to drop in, for in October the clubs present a deserted aspect.

The chums, therefore, did not meet till breakfast next morning, when Galbraith, having made up his mind on more points than one, was impenetrable and imperturbable.

"What became of you last night?" he asked, boldly taking the initiative.

"Well, that is cool!" exclaimed Upton, looking up from his poached egg and broiled ham. "Pray what became of you when you deserted me in that extraordinary fashion yesterday? You are not afraid of a tip on the shoulder? Are you a spiritualist, and had you a sudden communication? I looked down the platform pretty sharp, I can tell you, and I could see no moving cause for such extraordinary conduct — come explain, explain!"

"That is just what I am not going to do," returned Galbraith, calmly, "at least not at present."

"You said you would."

"I have changed my mind. I could not tell you all, old fellow, so I will not open the subject."

"So be it," returned Upton, resignedly; then after an interval of eating, he resumed, "Pray am I still to have the pleasure of your company to Ireland?"

"No," said Galbraith.

"Nice treatment; but I expected as much. Is it indiscreet to ask what you are going to do with yourself this morning?"

"It is; but I will answer you. I am going to Scotland Yard."

"Scotland Yard! Why, in the name of heaven?"

"To try and trace a thief."

"Then I believe I am on a wrong scent."

"That is very likely."

"One word, Galbraith. Was the cause of your sudden defalcation at H——, male or female?"

"I decline to answer," said Galbraith, smiling.

"It was a woman," cried Upton, triumphantly.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE long, bright morning hung heavily on Kate's hands. She wrote a description of the previous day's adventures to her friend and partner; but that did not fill up all the time, though it carried her on well towards her midday chop. She tried to read, but an odd nervous anticipation distracted her attention. That Hugh Galbraith would make his appearance, she was quite sure — the only question was, when? Kate was too wise and womanly a woman, however, to be without the resource of needlework, which, as many a weary sister could testify, has a calming, satisfying influence of its own. She had carried with her a large piece of cloth *appliqué* work, and the intricacy of the pattern served to divert her thoughts. She had, however, hardly thus disposed of an hour, when the sound of a rapidly approaching cab woke the echoes of the dull little street. The sound came near, ceased an instant, and then the conveyance seemed to drive away. An uncomfortable, uneasy beating of the heart made Kate's fingers unsteady.

"What folly and weakness!" she exclaimed to herself. "I must conquer both."

"A gentleman for you, ma'am," said the landlady, throwing open the door, and the next moment her hand was in Hugh Galbraith's.

"I had hoped to be here earlier, Mrs. Temple," he said, in the easiest tone possible; for all his native pertinacity was roused and concentrated on preserving the character of friendship which he had adopted, until it led him—where?—well he did not at present care to ask. "I had hoped to be earlier, but I was kept waiting for an immense time in Scotland Yard, and then sent to another office; however, here I am at last." He laid aside his hat as he spoke, and sat down, uninvited, at the opposite side of the table.

"And I fear," said Mrs. Temple, taking courage as she noticed his manner and the tranquil glance with which he met her eyes, "I fear you have had your trouble for nothing."

"Not absolutely. The police are not quite without hopes of recovering your money. They know that a certain swell-mobsmen was at a sale of somebody's stud, near Lillington, and they are on his tracks. If you knew the number of your note, I fancy it might be all right."

"It is very unfortunate! I drew it out of the bank the afternoon before I started for London, last Monday, and as I was very busy, I omitted to enter the number—a disgraceful oversight for a woman of business," she added, smiling.

"I fear you will have to pay a rather heavy forfeit in consequence. By the way, the bank people would know the number! Why don't you telegraph to them? I'll go to the nearest office and do it for you—they can telegraph back directly—and if you send me a line to-night, I can see the inspector to-morrow, the first thing." He stretched out his hand towards his hat as he spoke.

"Stop, stop!" cried Kate, "let me think for a moment."

"There is really nothing to think about," said Galbraith, who could not understand her hesitation, while she confusedly thought of all the mischief that would possibly and probably arise from his becoming mixed up with her affairs. It would be better to telegraph herself, so she said, looking earnestly into Galbraith's grave eyes, and then she remembered her bankrupt condition.

"But the nearest office is a long way off," he urged—"somewhere near Oxford Street, I suspect" (it was before the days of postal telegraphs)—"better leave it to me."

"But the bank people will not tell you anything—they will only do so to me."

"I will telegraph in your name, and give your address."

"Then telegraph to Fanny!" cried Mrs. Temple, eagerly. "She can go to the bank; they know her, and will give her the information, and she will lose no time."

"What's the hour now?" said Galbraith, looking at his watch, "two thirty—barely time. I wish I had not sent off my cab. I will drive down to the office as quickly as I can, and return immediately."

"I am sure, Sir Hugh—" began Mrs. Temple, but he was gone, and a vigorous slam of the front door announced his exit. "He is really very good," thought Kate. "It is a great pity we ever became enemies, or that he made the ridiculous mistake of fancying himself in love with me. He has evidently got over it, and is anxious I should think so. I must not on any account seem to look on him as a lover, but accept his friendship frankly! I wonder why he is coming back—he has said his say, and we really have very few topics in common? Perhaps he will not return. He is wonderfully alert—quite another creature!"

But he did return, and sooner than she thought possible.

"I have accomplished my errand," he said, cheerfully, reseating himself in the place he had occupied, and throwing open the front of his overcoat, as if he intended staying.

"But you must forgive me for exercising a little discretionary variation from your instructions. I sent the message straight to the bank—there was really no time to spare."

"I suppose it was best; but I trust you used my name. The whole of Pierstoffer would be hysterical with curiosity if *you* telegraphed on my behalf!"

"I am not quite blockhead enough to do so," replied Galbraith, a little indignantly. "I daresay," looking at his watch, "you'll have the answer before six."

"I hope and trust he is not going to sit there and wait for it," thought Kate. His next words reassured her:

"If you can post to me by six, I shall get the note to-night. There is my address," laying his card on the table, "and I know yours is the pen of a ready writer."

Mrs. Temple smiled, and tried to keep back a slight blush that would come in spite of her.

"It's so unfortunate that I—I mean my friend, Mr. Tom—is away, or I should not have given you all this trouble; but

indeed, Hugh—"the name slipped out quite unnoticed by her, so accustomed had she been for years to think and speak of him as "Hugh." He shot a quick, keen glance at her, saw her unconsciousness, and shaded his face with his hand for a moment while she finished her sentence,— "Indeed, you need do nothing further in the matter. To-morrow I shall be liberated, for I am certain to have money from Fanny, and I can follow up the quest myself, if you will be so good as to tell me the proper quarter to apply to."

"Ah," said Galbraith, looking at her, "then you did not go down to your solicitor as you said you would."

"No," she returned; then, laughing at his suspicious air, added:

"I *have* one, nevertheless, I am sorry to say; but on second thoughts I resolved to send home for what I required."

"I expect you had not the wherewithal to charter a cab," said he, laughing. "That came of being too proud to borrow a little filthy lucre from me."

"A cab, indeed!" cried Kate. "Do you suppose a hard-working tradeswoman like myself, up in town on troublesome business, would indulge in cabs? No; an omnibus is the extent of my luxury. At any rate, I shall be in funds to-morrow, and able to manage my own affairs, so pray take no further trouble. I do not see why I need write to you to-night. I can see the inspector and give him the number of the note myself."

"You must not think of doing so," replied Galbraith, very earnestly. "It is not pleasant for a delicate, refined woman to go about alone to these places. I cannot allow you to do so, unless, indeed, you will let me accompany you. Besides, as I began the affair, you had much better let me finish it. Two inquiries will only create confusion."

Kate thought a moment. "Has my name appeared at all?"

"No," said Galbraith; "there was no necessity to mention it. A lady had lost her purse, and I was the agent in the matter."

If, then, no one was to know of her being even temporarily mixed up with her enemy, she would not mind so much.

"Well, then, as you are so good," she said, slowly, and looking down, fairly beaten by his pertinacity and resolution.

"I suppose a day or two will see it ended one way or the other. If not, you must promise me to give it up. I can always get my solicitor to assist me, you know."

"Ay, and he will charge no end of six-and-eight-pences! Believe me, you had better leave it to your unpaid *attaché*."

"Let me substitute unattached assistant," said Kate, laughing and colouring most becomingly, "and I agree."

"So be it," returned Sir Hugh, thoughtfully, "so be it;" after an instant's pause he added, "and you will write, then, this evening?"

"Yes, I will write."

"As soon as I have seen the police people in the morning, I will come here. In the meantime, what a frightfully dull day you will have of it."

"I do not mind being alone — at least I should not if I had not an interview with a solicitor before me," she replied, with a little sigh.

"How long do you remain in town," asked Galbraith, standing up and taking his hat, yet lingering still.

"That depends on my solicitor. I hope to leave on Tuesday. It is not very cheerful here."

"I should think not. I must say good-morning, Mrs. Temple."

"Good-morning, Sir Hugh. By-the-by, I shall be out to-morrow morning, so pray do not take the trouble of coming all this way — a note will tell me all that is necessary."

His face clouded over. "I believe you are frank enough to speak the real truth," he said. "Do you distinctly wish me to stay away?"

Kate hesitated; she half wished he would, but only half. Moreover, if she forbade his visits, would it not be confessing that she did not consider him emancipated from his character of a lover? No, she would secure his kindly, friendly feeling — that would be some provision against future difficulties. So, looking straight into his eyes, she said with a bright smile,—

"No, I do not. You know we can be friends for a few days while the shop is out of sight, and inequalities forgotten," and she held out her hand.

Galbraith took it quickly, pressing it for an instant almost painfully tight. "Friends anyhow," said he, "shop or no shop!" Then, turning away with the words, "Till to-morrow, then," he left the house.

When he was gone, Kate sat down, leaning her elbows on the table and burying her face in her hands. "I wonder if I am doing right in letting him have so much his own way? Will he think me a treacherous wretch by-and-by? What can I do? I cannot forego my rights to

save his feelings. I am almost stupid enough to do so; but what would Tom and Fanny say? I could not be so weak; besides, I may never succeed, and if I fail I shall hate him again—there is such unreasoning prejudice in his contemptuous disregard and disbelief in any case save his own. He chooses from some whim to credit me with an ancestry, because he knows nothing about it. I almost wish I had no drop of so-called gentle blood in my veins, were it only to contradict his theories. How out of place such a feudal individual is in the middle of the nineteenth century, and yet——” What extenuations her intellect or her heart might have urged on Hugh’s behalf remained unsuggested, for the landlady put in her head.

“I was thinking, ma’am, as the gentleman is gone, you’ll be wanting your tea.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Small, I shall be glad of some.”

Meantime Galbraith walked away south-eastwards, in deep self-communing.

There was no mistake about it. Mrs. Temple had called him “Hugh” familiarly, unconsciously; and never had the harsh name sounded sweetly to him before. It was impossible she could have made such a mistake (as she would have considered it) had she not thought of him tolerably often; not as Sir Hugh Galbraith, Bart., of Kirby Grange, but as one near enough, if not dear enough, to be enshrined in her memory as “Hugh” simply. What did it mean? When he so abruptly, and almost rudely, asked her to be his wife, her tone and manner indicated complete freedom from the least tendency to reciprocate his feelings. The most conceited blockhead that ever curled his whiskers and waxed his moustaches could not mistake it for concealed preference or any other sentimental indication. It was as downright a refusal as ever man received, though not unfeeling. Yet—she called him “Hugh!” Was she coming round to him? Galbraith’s veins thrilled at the idea. Though by no means a self-ceited man, like most others of his stamp, it never occurred to his mind that any woman in the world was too good for him. Still Mrs. Temple had hitherto been an unattainable good; and now a gleam of hope, faint though it was, seemed to dazzle him. But how about those battles which he had fought with himself during his lonely rambles and cruising in the north? He had then come to the conclusion that it was well after all he had been rejected, though he should never again have the chance of finding such a glori-

ous helpmate as Kate would be; but that past of hers, which she was so unwilling to reveal, what did it contain? Nothing really bad—nothing. Of that his whole heart acquitted her; but something brought upon her by others, that was possible, and would he not brave that for her sake? Yes, if she had loved him; but was it not well that she did not? Hugh Galbraith was sensitively alive to the honour of the family name. True, his father had somewhat tarnished it, but not in the world’s estimation, for he (Hugh) had helped him to pay his debts; but to marry a woman who was in any way touched by disgrace, no weakness would tempt him to such a step he once thought, and now accident, the drift of a woman’s fancy, was perhaps his only safeguard. If, therefore, the unconscious use of his name was an indication that the tide was turning in his favour, would it not be wise to seek safety in flight, instead of courting danger by every means in his power? Common sense had no hesitation in answering, but passion, imagination, and self-will are a troublesome team; and if Galbraith could have brought himself even to will obedience to the dictates of prudence, I doubt if he could have followed them, though it is a moot point. “To will” anything is, I suppose, to do it; but this is not a metaphysical treatise. Willing or not, Galbraith determined to see the present act of the drama played out. “If I impress her with an idea of my friendly interest, she may open her heart and tell me her story. She is evidently very much isolated; and at any rate for the next three or four days I shall have her all to myself in this wilderness of brick and mortar.”

So reflecting, Galbraith hailed a hansom and rattled away to his club.

The next morning, having been relieved from her embarrassing penniless condition by a post-office order from Fanny, enclosed in an effusive letter, full of dismay and sympathy, Kate sallied forth to leave a note she had written, requesting an interview the following morning at Mr. Wall’s office, intending to assure herself that he had arrived the previous night.

Her note to Galbraith had cost her much thought. The “reply wire,” as it is familiarly termed in busy offices, did not reach her till seven o’clock the evening before; and she decided to enclose the telegram as it was, which she did, merely saying, “This moment received. Yours, with many thanks, K. T.”

She felt a joyous feeling of relief at

being able once more to walk boldly forth, and this buoyancy carried her lightly and rapidly to her destination.

She was recognized by the clerk, who sat in a sort of wooden cage near the door, where he noted down the entrances of the seekers of justice or injustice, and he paid her immediate and polite attention.

"Note for Mr. Wall, madam? Certainly, it shall be given to him directly he arrives."

"I am told he was to return last night."

"Unfortunately he is detained at Dieppe by a severe cold, and fears he cannot travel till Monday."

"I am very, very sorry for every reason;" and Kate felt almost choked with a lump that would rise in her throat.

"Will you step in, madam, and speak to Mr. Wreford?"

"No, thank you; it would be of no avail." She turned away, all her buoyancy gone — everything seemed against her. Five pounds lost, and another costly week in London probably before her, while her presence was so sorely needed at Piers-toffe. She felt too much cast down to face the long walk back, so she took refuge in an omnibus.

The next day was Sunday, a rather wearisome day, under any circumstances, but doubly so in a small temporary London lodging.

Kate was half amused, half angry with herself for the sort of disappointment she had felt at the non-appearance of Galbraith on the previous day. She was naturally anxious, though not very hopeful, about her five pounds; but over and above this motive she would have been thankful for the seasonable break in the depressing monotony of the day, which his presence, and perhaps a little argument, would have afforded.

To-day he would not of course come. Men like him generally went away somewhere to avoid the sepulchral aspect of a London Sabbath. Moreover a Sunday visit implied a certain degree of intimacy. "To be sure," thought Kate, as she tied on her bonnet before going to church, "our acquaintance is altogether exceptional — a sort of byway not amenable to the rules that govern the turnpike-roads of good society."

She walked some distance to hear a celebrated preacher, and then, as the weather, though not wet, was dull and chill and misty, resigned herself to remain indoors, made up a bright fire, and drawing a low folding-chair — the only tolerably comfortable seat in the room — near the

hearth, selected the toughest book of those provided by Tom Reed's kindly thought, and settled herself for a few hours' reading. But her attention was not quite so steady as she expected, she caught herself listening to the passing vehicles which were few and far between, although she had quite made up her mind that Galbraith would not come on Sunday.

Half an hour had hardly passed thus, when something drove up very rapidly and stopped suddenly. Then an impatient rap with the diminutive knocker, which sounded on the thin, unseasoned wood more like "the woodpecker tapping on the hollow beech-tree" than the regulation "thunder-claps" which "Jeames" used to discharge upon aristocratic entrances before bells had superseded knockers. The next moment Galbraith was bidding her "Good-morning."

"Could not manage to come up here yesterday till it was later than you might have liked," he began, drawing a chair opposite her, as she resumed her seat, making himself quite at home, to Kate's amusement; yet her amusement was tinged with shades of compassion and regret.

"I did not get your note till nearly twelve o'clock yesterday," continued Galbraith. "I stayed at the club till after the last delivery the night before, and began to think you had changed your mind, and were going to cast me adrift. However, your note explained all, short as it was. I have received very few letters from ladies in my life, and I have always understood that brevity is not their characteristic, but yours was literally but three words."

"Yet it told you all that was necessary," said Kate, smiling.

"Very true. Well, when I got down to the — Street station the inspector was gone away somewhere, and I had to wait some time. He was very glad to get the number of the note, and said he thought they might manage it now. That is literally all I have to tell you, Mrs. Temple."

"Thank you very much." Then, after a little pause, she added, "Of course I must give some reward; there will be something to pay?"

"A mere trifle. The police are paid for their work by government, and I dare say you contribute quite enough in the shape of taxes towards their maintenance."

There was a pause — neither knew exactly what to say next, though their hearts were full enough.

"And are you off on Tuesday?" asked Sir Hugh, at last.

"No. I am sorry to say I find the solicitor I wanted to see does not return till Monday, and" (with a sigh) "he may not return even then. So I have not a very lively prospect before me; and I want so much to return."

"It is very annoying," said Galbraith, sympathizingly, though a subdued smile lit up his eyes. "However, I hope you will have as little as possible to do with lawyers and the law."

"I am on the brink of a lawsuit, I believe," replied Kate, urged by she knew not what impulse to approach the deep but narrow gulf between them, of which her companion was so unconscious.

"Well, pull up before you are absolutely over," said Galbraith, earnestly. "I was once very near going in one for myself."

"Why did you not?" she asked, gazing away into the fire.

"Because I got what I wanted without it."

"I will give up mine on the same terms," retorted Kate, with a thoughtful smile. "Perhaps my adversary may come to some accommodation as it is termed. Tell me, have you ever found any trace of the lady you were in search of?"

"What lady?" asked Galbraith, looking puzzled.

"Perhaps I am indiscreet in alluding to the subject; but in a letter I once wrote for you, you made some inquiries about your uncle's or some relation's widow."

"Yes, yes, of course. I am not in the habit of thinking of her as a lady. You mean Mrs. Travers. No; we can find no trace of her whatever. It is very curious," he continued, musingly, "the way she has vanished. I mean, I cannot account for her rejection of my offers; it is not in keeping with what I imagine the character of her class."

"What was her class?"

"Tradespeople; at least, I heard she was niece or relation to a man who used to supply old Travers with fishing-tackle. I think Travers took the lodgings where he met her through him. She was daughter to the woman of the house. Whether she acted as servant or not, I do not know; at any rate she fascinated my deluded relative; but if the right will had not turned up she should have had a tussle for the property."

"Do you imagine she will ever try to disturb your possession of it?" asked Kate, leaning forward to replace a piece of coal which had fallen from the fire.

"No; that is quite out of the question. The will could not be upset; but I confess it is very hard lines for her to be sent adrift upon the world without a rap, after living in luxury for a few years."

"It seems cruelly unjust."

"It does," returned Galbraith, thoughtfully; "and I always fancy poor old Travers must have found out some wrongdoing of hers to induce him to make so great a change in his intentions. My own idea," he went on, as if speaking to himself, "is that there must have been something going on between her and that clerk."

"What clerk?" asked Kate, quietly.

"Ford, the manager. He knew her before her marriage—knew her well, from what he has admitted to me; and there was always something devilish queer, a sort of sentimental kind of restraint in his tone when speaking of her, that suggested the notion that all was not right. Then there was the five hundred pounds bequeathed to Ford in the first will, and never mentioned in the second. I think it is all very suspicious!"

"What do you suspect?" said Kate, rising and taking a paper screen from the chimneypiece to shade her face.

"Various delinquencies," returned Galbraith, with a grim smile. "Perhaps they agreed to marry, and share the money after the old fellow's death. If such a thing came to his knowledge—and a stray letter or a moment's incaution might betray them—such a will as Travers left would be the best sort of revenge."

"But have they married—this Ford and your friend's widow?" asked Kate.

"No—not that I know of; though they may. I can hardly believe Ford to be as ignorant of her whereabouts as he pretends. They may have married privately, but in any case I do not think either can disturb *me*. I hope you are as safe to win your cause, whatever it may be, as I am in my possession!"

"I should expect any wickedness from a woman base enough to plan marriage with another during her husband's lifetime."

"Well, it is only my supposition, Mrs. Temple, and you must remember her perception of right and wrong was no doubt much less delicate and acute than that of a woman of your class. It is absurd to attribute the feelings and motives of our grade to those in a lower strata."

"My class, 'our grade,'" repeated Kate, turning her eyes full upon him.

"What difference is there between your

cousin's wife and myself? I keep a small shop—I let lodgings——”

“With as fatal a result,” put in Galbraith, an unusual sparkle of fun gleaming in his eyes. The remark was irresistible.

“Hush, hush,” returned Kate, good-humouredly, pleased at the lightness of his tone. “We have agreed to forget all temporary insanities; but why should not this lady—well, this young woman—not possess as keen a sense of honour as you credit me with?”

“Because it's not natural. She might be honest enough to keep from any wrongdoing during her husband's lifetime, but not have the delicacy to resist planning what would do him no actual material harm. It is the associations, the habits of life, the tone of every one and everything around that makes a gentlewoman what she is, or ought to be.”

“‘Ought to be’ is well put in, Sir Hugh. Does nature, which is after all the groundwork for our embroideries—forgive a professional illustration—does nature count for nothing? The true kindly instincts of the heart—and, remember, the highest good breeding is but the outward and visible sign of this inward grace—will often make the humblest woman act with both delicacy and tact. Have you never met with absolute vulgarity in high places? And let me assure you, though you choose to imagine me—I scarce know what—my people are and were what I am, shopkeepers, not on a large scale.”

“I do not care what they were. I only know you look like a princess very slightly disguised.” As Galbraith said this he leaned his arms upon the table, looking straight at her, pleasantly, frankly, but not in the least like a lover.

“I claim to be more than a princess, whatever my faults may be,” returned Kate, speaking softly as if to herself. “I claim to be a true-hearted woman.”

A silence ensued, which both felt to be dangerous, yet Galbraith dared not speak. At length Kate's thoughts, having shot along some curiously interwoven lines of association, suddenly stopped on the topic of Galbraith's antagonism.

“But why have you so strong an antipathy to this woman—this widow?”

“I certainly had a very strong antipathy to her.”

“Had?” repeated Kate. “Is it, then, passed by?”

“Well, yes; one generally feels more amiable to a defeated enemy.”

“True; still why did you hate her? Did she injure you?”

“She did. She extinguished the hopes of my whole life,” returned Galbraith earnestly. “Travers always led me to suppose I was to be his heir, and I had perfect trust in his justice. He was as cold and dry and hard as a piece of granite, and he was a gentleman of the same blood as myself; if it did not sound absurd to talk of sympathy (I have picked up the word from you, Mrs. Temple), between two such men as Travers and myself, I should say there was a good deal. I really felt like a son, or rather a younger brother, towards him. If he had come to grief, I would have shared my last shilling with him; not as a mere duty, for I owed him that much, but gladly; and then to find him throwing me over for a mere bit of vulgar prettiness, a girl nearly young enough to be his granddaughter—not even a gentlewoman!—at his age! I never felt so disgusted, by heaven! I was as much cut up at having my respect for the old man destroyed, as at seeing my prospects go overboard. Nor do I believe Travers would ever have been so unjust, so unlike himself, if a strong pressure had not been brought to bear upon him. I think his ultimate action proves that he found he had made a mistake, and was anxious to atone. Still he must have had some strong reason for disinheriting the wife; and they lived peacefully together to the last. That is the strangest part of the story,” added Galbraith, thoughtfully.

“It is, indeed,” said Kate, who had listened with avidity and a beating heart to this long speech—unusually long for Galbraith—and now only forced herself to speak, lest her silence should permit him to wander from the subject. “I cannot, indeed, wonder at your hating this obnoxious woman.” She was unconscious of the earnest, appealing gaze she poured into his eyes as she spoke, but it riveted his attention, and swept the wicked widow and his wrongs out of his thoughts. “Still,” urged Kate, speaking soft and low, “she may have been innocent of any intention to harm you. She might have been very poor and desolate, as I think I suggested to you once before, and poverty is more terrible than you can know—real poverty. When your kinsman asked her to be his wife, she knew nothing of you or your hopes; she may never have influenced him against you. Are you sure that in your anger you did nothing to offend this Mr. Travers?” How strange

it was to speak thus of her dead husband to her foe!

"Why, yes. I certainly wrote a letter on the spur of the moment which could not be exactly pleasant to him or the female he had been pleased to bestow his name on. But I don't regret it; I should do the same thing again. However, he did not like it, for he never replied, and I only heard vague reports of him for the next two or three years. Then came the news of his death, and of that infamous first will. The widow wrote me an insolent letter through her solicitors, offering me a third of the property as a free gift; but the idea of being under an obligation to her for what ought to have been my own, was more than I could stand," and Galbraith, warming with his subject, started up as if to pace the room; but its narrow limits forbade that favourite exercise, so he resumed his seat, and listened attentively to his companion's words.

"It was not such an illiberal offer after all," she was saying, thoughtfully.

"I grant that. It was more; it was rather an extraordinary offer, and meant to keep me quiet; for I fancy she knew the second will existed, or feared I might find a flaw in the first. Of course, had I agreed to accept her terms, I could have made no move against her under the first will; and no one could have foreseen that a curious accident should have led Ford to discover the second one. Fortunately he was an honest man, or, rather, rational enough not to risk a felony, so he handed it over to my solicitors or her solicitors, and it was all right."

"For you—yes! Then, the sum of your opinion is, that this Mrs. Travers strove to alienate your benefactor's affections from you; was found out in some disgraceful intrigue; was ready to bribe you to silence, and to destroy the will made by her husband under the influence of his just indignation against her."

"Yes; that is a tolerably accurate outline."

"Never say again that you are an unimaginative man, Sir Hugh Galbraith," said Mrs. Temple, slowly, in an altered voice. "You built up an ingenious theory on very small foundation."

"Perhaps so. I confess this woman's disappearance has puzzled me. Sometimes I think it shows that she is all right, with more in her than I gave her credit for. Sometimes I think her keeping out of my way a confession of guilt; still I don't like to think of her being in want or difficulty. And, by Jove, I will find her!

But I must have bored you with my affairs, Mrs. Temple. One of the privileges of friendship, you know. I can't tell how it is, but I think I talk more to you than to any one else."

"I am interested in your story, Sir Hugh, that is the reason. But I tell you candidly I am disposed to take sides with the widow against you."

"That of course. You are always in opposition. Still I fancy I am right in the main. I have heard traits of Mrs. Travers—small indications of the current, that show she is grasping and selfish and mean. She cannot be so pretty either! Ford said she had reddish hair, and of course she was bad style."

"I suppose she was," said Kate, composedly; "but if she were to make any attempt to disturb you?"

"Oh, fight every inch of ground. If my whole fortune went in law, she should have none of it."

"Would you resist a just claim?"

"It could not be just, you see. Nothing could upset the last will."

Kate sighed.

"I have been trespassing on you unconscionably," said Galbraith. "The shades of evening are closing, and I had better go. If you admit me to-morrow, I will promise not to prose about myself."

"To-morrow," returned Kate, dreamily. "Are you coming to-morrow?"

"Yes, of course," cried Galbraith, boldly, though for half a second he had hesitated whether he should say so, or ask permission to come. "I hope to bring you your money to-morrow. When is this solicitor of yours to return?"

"To-morrow, I hope," said Kate, with a sigh.

"I suspect you will be in the down-bellows until you see him."

"And perhaps after," she said, smiling.

"Good-bye, Sir Hugh."

"The fight will be a bitter one," thought Kate, as she sat alone after her tea. "But I am bound to carry it through. In justice to myself I must show that my poor husband never for a moment doubted me. I wonder if Hugh Galbraith's friendship"—even in her thoughts she emphasized "friendship"—"will stand the test of discovering my identity with the female to whom his cousin was pleased to give his name"! Will not the surreptitious winning of his—well, regard, be my crowning iniquity? Oh, Hugh! I do not want to rob you of what ought, indeed, to be your own."

But Monday brought no Mr. Wall, nor Tuesday, nor Wednesday; nevertheless they brought Hugh Galbraith with almost undeviating regularity to the commonplace little cottage, which was a corner of paradise, though an uneasy paradise to him.

Kate felt a little worried by his visits. She felt she ought not to allow them; but she was an exceedingly unconventional woman, and a fearless one. Moreover, she was interested in her visitor. She did not acknowledge it to herself, but she would have missed him. There was a subtle pleasure to her in the sense that she was charming to him; that Kate Temple was thus revenging the injuries of Catherine Travers. Yet she did not intend any cruelty, any real revenge. "When he knows who I am, he will find the knowledge sufficiently repulsive to give me no more trouble," she thought; "and if he is brought to confess that he did Mrs. Travers injustice, he may agree to reasonable arrangements with Mrs. Temple."

It was very strange to have him sitting there familiarly with her by the fireside in the dusk of the October evenings, just as he might have sat with her in her more stately home had he come back from India on good terms with her husband. No, not exactly. Hugh Galbraith would never have permitted his eyes and voice to speak the language they often did, friendship notwithstanding, had he known her as his cousin's wife: and as she thought so, her heart leaped up in a great throb of delight to know that she was free.

It was very strange to be thus swept by the eddy of her life's current into this still pool for an instant's rest before she was hurried on again into the rapids. Strange, but also delightful—more delightful than she confessed even to herself. But then it was only an instant's lull. It must not, should not, last longer.

From The Contemporary Review.
GOETHE AND MINNA HERZLIEB.

A FEW years ago Adolf Stahr of Berlin, writing a book on the female characters of Goethe, and thinking to put Mr. Lewes (whom he followed) right in some points, gave us an account of Minna Herzlieb, as the original of the Otilie of "The Elective Affinities" and the person to whom the sonnets are addressed. The book had not been long in print, when its author, finding out that he was in the wrong in what he

had said, followed it up in *Westermann's Magazine* by another and a very sensational memoir of the same person. The new version turning out to be even less trustworthy than the first one, several men, in different periodicals, one in a separate book, fell on Stahr, and having denied his facts, and torn his arguments to shreds, brought forth, instead of these, other facts and arguments of their own. After which, they partly pulled each other to pieces. It would be rash to say that, by these labours of theirs, many new facts in the history of literature, strictly so called, have been brought to light, or that we have been much furthered on our way to a knowledge and understanding of the life and writings of Goethe. We have been confirmed in what we knew about Goethe before; the faculty for understanding him will most likely be found mainly in the reader. There are in Germany very many men of letters who, when they fondly and painstakingly dwell on the events that are known to have been the occasions for many of Goethe's poems, and on the circumstances under which these poems were written, seem to think that they have got hold, not of a lamp, or an eye-glass, or a key, but of the thing itself, so to speak, without its accidental shape! Even so when they talk of the "originals" to characters of his—they draw the likeness and they tell us the history of certain persons of real life, and they mix up biographical details with reflections on the changes that these have undergone in the poet's hands, and with guesses at the relation in which the poet may have stood to his models, till we begin to fear that they are going to do his work over again—in prose. It is very true that nearly all Goethe's works of imagination are, in the fullest sense of the word, his confessions. But what he confesses is surely not a succession of events in his life; it is rather the sense of want, the desire, the longing that events have failed to satisfy. The substance of each such poem is just that which was wanting in the occurrences of actual life. And like every other artist, he creates his own heroes and heroines. No one will deny that the characters of Goethe's fictions wear the features of persons of real life, many of whom were very dear to him. Perhaps for this reason he was so fond of the children of his fancy; in the weal and woe of some of them, as they grew up under his hand, he took the part of a father. But why, or how, in what fashion, or measure, people whom he had known,

and events in which he had had a share, were changed in his hands, or rather in his heart and brain, into things of imagination — of this we do not hope ever to know much more than he himself has told us. Even under the very strictest guidance, giving ourselves wholly up to the leading of those who have made Goethe their profession, and in virtue of their exclusive knowledge claim the right to speak of him to the unlearned, *ex cathedra*, when the poet, by eager hands, and with loud demonstration, has been, so to speak, dissected before our eyes — we own that, even then, we fail to find out the secret or see the working of his soul.

In the present instance, after all that has been written, we have not learned much more about the matters in hand than we knew or thought proper to guess before. But quite by the way we have made the nearer acquaintance of some men and women well worth knowing, who, till now, have been remembered rather for their friends' sake than their own. Herr Frommann, the present head of the publishing firm in Jena, provoked by some abuse that had been thrown at members of his family dead and living, has, in a thin volume, given us some account of his parents and their way of life. The book, which describes not only the home of the author's childhood but many of the famous persons who went out and in there, is too scanty, and what we would like best to know is often rather hinted at than told. But in a mass of memoirs and printed letters, some more scraps of information can be found. In the crush of sensational scandal-bearing which is very loud-voiced in Germany and calls itself biography, history of literature, and the like, it is pleasant to catch sight of this sketch of a family life standing firm on the old foundation of love and law. The sight of it will stir up the curiosity of some of us for another reason: these people, leading their daily lives, and going about their daily business, did, as the best thing in life, aim at — culture. And what is more, though by-the-bye, this household of piety and order and peace, will be to some a very dear, and may to many be a very unlooked-for background to sundry impressions, widely but somewhat vaguely received, concerning Goethe.

The Frommanns, though their name is so well known to all students of the so-called classical period of German literature, have not been long in Jena. The late head of the house settled there in 1798. The first Frommann known to

have had anything to do with bookselling was Gottlob Benjamin, from 1727 onwards manager of the publishing business belonging to the orphan asylum at Züllichau. He was succeeded by his son Nathaniel Sigismund, who, in 1785, purchasing all rights from the asylum, became proprietor instead of manager. Dying in the year following, he was succeeded by his son Frederick Ernest, who, finding in the long run that the little out-of-the-way town of Züllichau was not the place in which a publishing firm could thrive — wishful too for more traffic of brain for himself as well as for his books — removed, as aforesaid, to Jena, then at the top-tide of its fame. By this move he stepped into a place which would seem to have been waiting for him. There were booksellers in Jena before him; but from this time to his death, the highly-cultivated hard-working man was sought after, liked, and trusted, by a good many of the best and best-known men of his time and country.

A very charming figure is that of Frederick Ernest Frommann's wife. She was a healthy, loving, active woman, exactly, wholly, and abundantly filling and so magnifying her place and making it beautiful.

She was a native of Hamburg, and her maiden name was Joanna Charlotte Wesselhöft. She was the eldest child of the *Conrector*, or second master of the grammar-school in that city — a disciplinarian of a very fine old breed, extinct now. In her twentieth year, her mother falling into ill-health, she undertook the charge of the house, and of her younger brothers and sisters. Her education had been very carefully looked to; she knew languages well, and she had skill in music, still more in miniature-painting. Some keen sorrow of early womanhood, some heavy chagrin and disappointment, did not fail to throw a blight on her best years. When the struggle was at an end she made up her mind "to think no more of happiness for herself, but to spend her strength for the good of others." So doing, Herr Frommann, on a trip to Hamburg, found her at the age of twenty-seven, and forthwith fell in love with her. A few months later, in November 1792, he married her and took her away from a large and lively set of friends in her native place to an unknown and quiet home in Züllichau. There, making the best of her surroundings and fond of society, she formed many friendships, and was much made of, not only in the town itself, but in the country-houses near it. So that, when the time came to go to Jena in 1798, she was very

sorry to leave Züllichau. She took with her one baby, a boy of eight months, now the head of the firm. Two years after the removal, another baby was born, a little girl—in later life well known in many of the best circles of Berlin society, and till three years ago, infirmities forcing her then to retire, reader to the German empress. Afterwards, in her retreat in Weimar, she was the delight of every one who had the good fortune of being admitted to her acquaintance. Under her brother's roof in Jena, to the sorrow of very many, she died on the 2nd of August, 1875.

Along with their own child the Frommanns took with them an orphan girl, Wilhelmina or Minna, or rather, as she was generally called, Minchen Herzlieb, the daughter of a former Lutheran pastor in Züllichau. Father and mother being dead, the four children, two girls and two boys, had been received into the houses of friends. Minna, born in 1789, was then nine years old.

For Herr Frommann, the change from the dull provincial town to the flourishing university was a delightful one. His wife, with a woman's dislike to being uprooted and transplanted, felt herself at first somewhat strange. Along with Weimar, Jena was then the headquarters of literature: it had also not long before become the cradle of the modern transcendental philosophy, and it was one of the centre-points of science. The discussion of new methods of investigation with the results of these was not confined to class-rooms, but in some shape or other was carried into circles outside. Not all who then lived in Jena were leaders or chiefs: some were followers, full of the bragging noise that is common in discipleship; and some did not follow anybody, but walked, amiably or otherwise, with loud bluster, in roads that led nowhither. With the march of mind came a crowd of stragglers, with many strange ideas and some surprising habits. One feature peculiar to the time, and pretty well marked in the place—a feature that was of importance to the aspect of society, strictly so-called—was the standing-ground taken and kept in the theory and practice of marriage by some of the most notable women. Those were the years in which the so-called rights of the passions, particularly in persons of genius, were by a certain school acknowledged and maintained to be more urgent than an attention to actual institutions—a theory unfolded in Frederick Schlegel's "Lucinde," and defended, or at least gravely discussed, even by Schleiermacher. The

view was taken by some ladies, who wished rather for a successive than a subsiding observation of nature's gifts to them. Amongst others there lived then in Jena Caroline, the wife of August Schlegel, one of the most married women of her time.—Caroline was a daughter of Professor Michaelis of Göttingen, and she married, in the first place, a Dr. Böhm, in Clausthal, by whom she had one surviving daughter. After Dr. Böhm's death she went to live in Mayence, to be near her friend Therese Forster. Not very long afterwards, Therese suddenly leaving her husband's house, going off, in fact, on Huber's account, whom, after Forster's death, she married, Caroline staid behind and undertook, so she says herself, "the office of a moral sick-nurse" to the bereaved George Forster. Then, in the course of that troubled winter of 1792-3, whilst the French were occupying Mayence, and the Germans were getting themselves ready to besiege it, fulfilling the duties of the said office, and from morning to night hearing and talking about nothing but the millennium of brotherhood that was being ushered in, "to divert herself," so she says, she made the better acquaintance of a French officer, whose name we do not know. Many months afterwards, when the siege was over, and everybody had gone home, and she herself had got out of the prison into which the Prussians had at first put her as a spy, she gave birth to a little baby, of which the French officer is understood to have been the father. A while after she married August Schlegel.—At the time of which we are speaking she was living in Jena, trying to get herself divorced from Schlegel, in order to marry Schelling. A year or two later she *was* divorced from Schlegel, and *did* marry Schelling.* Along with her, indeed till a quarrel took place in the same house with her, was Dorothea, the daughter of Moses Mendelssohn, and runaway wife of Veit, the Berlin banker, and intended wife of Frederick Schlegel;—intended sister-in-law, in fact, of Caroline, had not Caroline thrown off the one brother whilst Dorothea was putting on the other. Some wives and mothers were apt to look coldly on those of their own sex who tried to live up to the doctrine of "individual choice." But many embankments were giving way in those years of revolution; and with Caroline, the most brilliant

* See Waitz's "Caroline;" "Aus Schellings Leben," by Platt; Dilthey's "Schleiermacher;" Haym's "Romantische Schule," etc., etc., etc.

woman in the place, at their head, it was easy for the ladies, whose faith was "the development of the eternal in the individual . . . that eternal humanity of which manhood and womanhood are but the husks," to be pretty well received in society. Frau Fichte, for one, would not know such persons, and wondered at Frau Frommann for knowing them. Frau Fichte was a Swiss, stiff, stern, and dry, not falling into ways unknown to her, if she could help it; her stony looks and straight shoulders protesting, as those of her countrywomen in foreign parts do to this day, in favour of the decorum and dulness of the canton of Zurich. Frau Frommann, of course, made a civil answer, but went on her road. Not over hasty in making friends, she knew what she was about when she behaved kindly to those who were thrown in her way. She did not, any the more for that, let them into the secret of her heart or home.

As she was herself quite without pretensions, her home also was unpretending, but very pleasant. Her son thus describes the order of the day when he was a child:—

At seven in the morning, coffee, after which every one went to his work. At ten o'clock my father came out of his counting-room for his second breakfast, which consisted in bread and butter, and fruit when it was to be had; then he went back to business till one o'clock. My mother gave us lessons, at twelve usually a drawing-lesson along with our cousins Wesselhöft. At one o'clock precisely, dinner. At three, my father went to his work again. Five o'clock was the tea hour. How my mother contrived to teach us reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing, and the rudiments of French and English, to sew almost all the linen for the whole family, and to make dresses and caps for herself and the girls—furthermore, to keep her eye on what was going on in the kitchen—will best be seen in her letter to a young housewife [printed by Herr Frommann]. By five o'clock she had done her work, all but such as she had put aside for the evening; the kettle boiled, bread and butter and biscuits were on the table—anybody might come in who liked. If nobody came, my father would read aloud, for he was fond of reading, and read well. If Gries had just translated another play of Calderon's, my aunts would be invited to hear it—perhaps one or two others. Afterwards there was supper. If bachelor friends dropped in to tea, or if ladies had invited themselves, conversation sufficed, and it was often very lively. . . . My mother, by the way she listened and asked questions, knew how to make the men talk. When a debate began to get too lively she knew how to give it a turn. Severe towards herself, she was mild and indulgent towards

others: the secret of her power over others lay in her unselfishness. About seven o'clock husbands would come to fetch their wives; by eight all would be over, and the family sitting down to supper. After supper my father would read aloud to my mother alone.

The house stood and still stands, though with other inmates, in the so-called "Graben." It was a building of two stories, surrounding three sides of a courtyard, and it had a large garden. It was a better house than most of those outside the walls, but the rooms, like all the rest in Jena, were extremely low in the ceiling. Those who have seen Jena in the early summer will remember the broad white ring of cherry and apple blossom that encircles the seat of learning, like a halo on its head, or a frill of olden times round its neck. They may also remember having been surprised at the style of domestic architecture in the suburbs. The stranger does not at first guess that those thin sheds that rise from the garden walls, with no windows at all on the ground floor, in fashion and substance not unlike the Noah's arks of our childhood, slightly squashed, are really the abodes of those persons who do not like living in the inner town. As we write the two railroads that are to put Jena into communication with the world outside, are being constructed,* land is rising in value, and enterprising persons are building modern villas even on the Landgraf; many cherry-trees have fallen, and many a tottering tenement long filled with family happiness and hospitality is doomed to fall. Lanes leading roughly between high walls overhung with vegetation, will, by-and-by, be paved and straightened, or in some way stiffened into keeping with the wants of an age that will take its stamp rather from joint-stock associations than from faculties of learning.

We need not wonder that Goethe, who had an eye for the worth of men and women, soon found his way into Frau Frommann's parlour, and felt himself very comfortable there. He was often in Jena, and sometimes for months together. Then he would come in like other people, at the tea hour, only he was best pleased when he found the family by themselves. He was allowed to talk, or be silent, just as he liked. Strangers sometimes put him out, in which case nobody molested him, but the party waited, "though with some sense of oppression," till he came round again. When he was

* One is finished.

in the mood he would talk, it might be for hours. Once we find him apologizing for having kept the household "out of bed till half-past ten o'clock." Survivors still remember hearing from his own lips passages of his life, afterwards published; in print not half so gay to them who missed the movement of the hand and the glance of the eye. Sometimes he would draw, the materials apparently having been always laid in readiness. Now and then he read aloud.

"I remember," says Louise Seidler, in her memoirs, "his reading a part of the *Nibelungen*," and giving explanatory remarks as he went on. . . . Another time the Frommanns' children had had a magic lantern sent them at Christmas. Goethe got hold of it, made the pictures play on the door of the room, and improvised doggerel rhymes all the while."

Goethe had a dread of curiosity and copious panegyric that grew with years, but he was always ready to see strangers if they were in any sense of the word fellow-workmen. To young men who had life before them, and who might already have found help in words of his, he was always willing to show himself for a few minutes. One evening, at Frau Frommann's tea-table, he found a party of students, but was not at all put out at their being there. On the contrary he told a number of funny stories. Happening to look up at last he noticed that his hearers could hardly contain themselves: they were devouring him with their eyes, which were all ablaze; so he said good-humouredly, "Yes, yes! that's how the young folks like me." Putting no trust in the political, poetical, patriotic, religious notions that had laid hold of the youth of Germany, especially the university youth, in the years before and after the War of Independence, but mindful of many perplexities of his own at the same time of life, he would say of the young men, "To be sure they would be bores, only I was a bore myself." One evening he told Frau Frommann about a visitor he had had in the forenoon, described the fine tall figure, the brown locks, the kindling eyes, and the flow of turbid eloquence, and added, "I could have thrown my arms round his neck and said, 'Dear boy, do not be so stupid!'" (This very visitor came to Frau Frommann, and complained of Goethe's coldness and reserve. He had several times tried to begin "a conversation on politics," and Goethe had always cut him short.) In 1819, when the darkest clouds were hanging over the political future of Germany,

talking of the young men who were wild with impossible dreams, Goethe said he was very well aware that two or three swallows did not make a summer, but he looked kindly on them all the same: "You would see it in their faces all their lives that they had had a happy youth." Statesmen were then in the way of taking stern measures, and Goethe, who had some influence in various high quarters, said, "I do nothing just now but mix sedative powders to keep them from doing harm to my dear youngsters, my *Brauseköpfe*."

This intimate friendship, with its exchange of attentions and kindnesses, ended only with life. We find the Frommann family, when they went to Weimar, sometimes staying all night, or several nights, under Goethe's roof. In spring, Frau Frommann always sent him the first asparagus, Jena being a week earlier than Weimar. In return, he brought toys for the children or some ornament from Carlsbad for Minchen. During one of his last sojourns in Jena, he lived in the Botanic Gardens, at the head of the Graben; and being so near, Frau Frommann on that occasion put her cook at his disposal. The excellent woman is still alive, and laments that she did not at the right time think of treasuring up Goethe's orders for dinner, written with his own hand.

Goethe, a meteor in other ways, was a meteor, too, in his coming and going. But amongst the stated friends of the Frommann family we find the names of many who will not soon be forgotten. We find, for instance, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. The present Herr Frommann declares himself to have been one of Hegel's earliest scholars, having been perched at a very tender age on that philosopher's knee, and caused to decline *mensa*. Then there are Steffens, Oken, the Hufelands, the Grimms, Tieck, and many more. Schiller is not mentioned — the Schlegels are slightly mentioned. In the strict sense, hardly any of the above could be called stated friends. Society in a German university town constantly changes: after a few years of intimacy one family takes wing and is seen no more, and then another, and yet another. Amongst the permanent residents were brave old Knebel and his musical wife. Also Gries, who built up and maintained a considerable fame as a translator from the Spanish and Italian. A bachelor, in course of time an old one, deaf and eccentric, now and then shaking the dust of Jena from his feet and going somewhere else for a year or two, he was, doubtless, the most constant vis-

itor in Frau Frommann's parlour, gruffly letting those concerned understand that he was grateful for the kind welcome and comfortable arm-chair that took the length and loneliness out of his evenings. Now and then some old friend would come back on a visit. Herr and Frau Frommann sometimes made trips; the former always went to the Leipzig fair for a month at Easter and a fortnight at Michaelmas. At home the guest's chamber, consisting of bedroom and comfortable sitting-room, was as often occupied as not. It was no unusual thing for a visitor to stay for months at a time. If a second came, a little close packing of children or other compressible portions of the household would make room for the second also.

In the year 1806 the pursuit of knowledge was grievously interrupted, and the quiet lives of men and women were thrown into confusion and misery by the storm of war. The little university town was doomed to bear the brunt of plunder and pillage, and to lend its name to the greatest disaster that the arms of Germany had ever met with. The battle of Jena was fought on the heights to the north of the town on the 14th of October; the town itself was pillaged and in part burned. The Frommanns were saved from the very worst at first by their favourable position, and afterwards by the presence of Oudinot, who quartered himself upon them; but they had to open their doors to whole families who had lost everything, and to French soldiers, hungry, thirsty, wounded. Frau Frommann had to provide for the wants of about one hundred and thirty persons, in continual alarms, and by the lurid light of burning houses. A very graphic account of those days is extant in her handwriting. What happened had been so little foreseen, that Herr Frommann shortly before had made an excursion to the Rhine, and Goethe on his way home from Carlsbad had lingered for some weeks in Jena. The Prussians, under Prince Hohenlohe, were in occupation, and Prince Louis Ferdinand, who so soon after fell at Saalfeld, "yawned" because there was so little chance of anything to do. On the 29th of August, Frau Frommann wrote to her husband —

I was interrupted yesterday by a message from Goethe to say that he was coming. An hour before him Frau Schmid came in, then Goethe and Riemer, then, of his own accord, Hegel. Goethe was in high spirits. It was his birthday, but he does not like its being kept. He had sent us beforehand a huge piece of *Brezel* (cake) all decked out with

flowers. At eight o'clock, when he was going away, I asked him to stay for supper, and he at once accepted. . . . The talk fell on some very funny things, and we laughed heartily. In the twilight he spoke in a very interesting way with Hegel about Steffens' book; I sat and listened, but understood little. He was very kind to the children. They had a battle before supper with leaden soldiers. We had laid out his half-finished drawing, but he did not go on with it.

In her journal she writes : —

Goethe was in Jena. When he came to us in the evening we tried to make everything as quiet and comfortable for him as possible. All day long, and at dinner at Prince Hohenlohe's, he heard nothing but politics, so he was glad to get on other subjects. . . . Even then he was a cordial for the days that followed. Eight days before the battle, as he drove past our house on his way to Weimar, and saw me and Minchen standing at the window, he stopped and sent up his servant to bid us farewell. We felt as though our guardian angel were taking flight. Yet he remained with us. Whoever has once lived with him, and understood him, can rejoice in his health-giving power forever after.

After the battle, life sooner or later went back into its old grooves; and even those who had lost their property or been burned out of house or home, tried, as early as might be, to pick up the thread of existence where it had been dropped.

By this time the Frommanns' adopted daughter, Minna Herzlieb, had grown up to be a lovely girl. In 1807 she was eighteen years old, and drew many eyes upon her. She was not a regular beauty, but her style was grand and very harmonious. She had magnificent black hair, great chestnut-coloured eyes, and a frank, hearty expression. She was tall, but her figure was perfectly well-proportioned, and all her movements were very graceful. "She was," says Louise Seidler, "the loveliest of all virgin roses, with childlike features, and great dark eyes — rather soft and kind than fiery — that looked at everybody in an honest, innocent way, and made on purpose to bewitch you." Those who knew her best say that it is difficult to describe her. She had all along been robust in health, but the growth of her mental faculties had been slow, and, alongside of a gentle affectionate disposition, not without mother wit and a turn for humour, there was a dreaminess about her, and, even to those nearest her, at the end of all confidence, a certain reserve. She was full of sweet womanly attentions towards all who came in her way; "she gave what she had to give willingly and

lovingly," trying to make strangers and chance visitors feel at their ease. She was quite unselfish, and, as several who knew her bear witness, there was not even a trace of what is called coquetry about her. She had a sense of duty which might very well be called morbid, going hand-in-hand as it did with *wants* in her character — the want of clearness and the want of resolution — absences of qualities which, as the one who knew her best and loved her most says, were the cause of sore trouble to herself and others, though they had much to do with the charm she threw about her in daily life.

She had grown up in the house as a sort of eldest daughter, rather more petted and indulged than the other children. She was well taught; but Frau Frommann had always rather anxiously guarded against forcing either her moral or mental faculties when they seemed backward, hoping that, as Minna's growth had all along been slow and unequal, time would make up what was wanting.

That Goethe was delighted with her nobody denies; but there has been much angry strife about the exact nature of his feelings for her, the expression he gave to these, and the return he met with. Stahr has put together an extraordinary story of a deep and lasting passion acknowledged on both sides, spinning itself through a course of years, and making both parties very miserable. Some have gone into the opposite extreme, as, for instance, Düntzer, who has flooded all Goethe's life with prose, this passage included; in his usual annoyance at not being listened to, explaining away every circumstance that has aroused our curiosity or sympathy. None the less are we obliged to him for his diligence in bringing facts to light, and putting events in their due order.

Goethe had known Minna Herzlieb from her childhood and, when in Jena, had been used to see her daily. She, on her side, had grown up in the affectionate respect due to an elderly guest whom everybody treated with unwonted regard, and whom she herself always found kind and fond. After one of his absences, the poet perhaps suddenly saw that she had become a woman — beautiful, magnificent, enchanting. He may then have been stricken with something very much stronger than "interest," something which, had he given it play, might have grown into a passion. At it was, not her beauty only delighted him, but much more her disposition, which, in its intense womanliness, with its gracefulness, reserve, and dread

of daylight, wholly charmed him. She, Herr Frommann says, was left for a good while in the unconstrained childlike veneration to which she had been accustomed. And when, by-and-by, she could no longer place all his attentions to the account of poetic effusiveness, even if her own feelings did get warmer, they were still in half those of a child delighted at being singled out by a being so much greater and higher. She was, of course, pleased, and what is called flattered. She hummed all day long some lines from a poem of his —

Die Sterne die begehrt man nicht,
Man frent sich ihrer Pracht,
Und mit Entzücken blickt man auf,
In jeder heitern Nacht.

She never called him anything but "the dear old gentleman." Her "love" for him then and afterwards was quite un-mixed with any element of bitterness and suffering. His love for her, of whatever sort it was, was locked up within himself. He had, long ere this, learned to school himself in self-control and resignation.

It is known that Goethe wrote sonnets to Minna Herzlieb. It is stated by some, rashly we think, that "The Sonnets" — the whole collection — were addressed to her.

In 1807 Goethe was in Jena from the 11th of November till the 18th of December, attended as usual by Riemer, his secretary. For the first three weeks he worked at "Pandora" and "The Theory of Colour." Of course he often went to see the Frommanns, the Knebels, and others, and in one of these houses he, or some one else, would, in the long evenings, read aloud. On the 2nd of December Zachary Werner arrived. Goethe had never cared much about Werner's dramas, but on personal acquaintance he took a liking to the man. He thought him, "to borrow the expression of society, 'interesting' and even 'amiable,'" and Werner was forthwith drawn into the inner circle. On the very evening of his arrival he was at the Knebels' along with Goethe and read some of his own poems aloud. The next evening there was a small party at the Frommanns', and Werner again read aloud — some of his sonnets, we are told, with great fire. The sonnets and their author fairly laid hold of Goethe, who had never taken sonnets seriously in hand: (as far as we know he had before this written three). He set to work forthwith to read sonnets, Italian and German, and

to discuss with Werner the question of sonnet-making. The "Pandora," at which he had been working for three weeks, was laid aside. On the 6th of December he himself wrote a sonnet, the one in which the beloved speaks to her lover's marble bust, threatening to kiss it till he turns jealous and comes to drag her away, — now No. 4 of the published collection. This and all that follow are true to the Petrarcan manner as he conceived it; — much fire, cooled by self-complacent skill in making verses; immense gallantry and devotion, made to look a little trifling by being set on stilts. The exercise once begun was gone on with. Sentiments suited to the very artificial form were found and were all expressed in the same fashion, elegant, musical, tender, playful. On the 9th of December at the Frommanns', after dinner, Goethe read aloud some sonnets of August Schlegel's. In the evening of that day he and Werner were at the Knebels', and again there was reading. Early the next morning Goethe again wrote a sonnet. And in the evening, in his rooms, more sonnets of August Schlegel's were read. In like manner on the morning of the 11th he did the same thing, and in the evening sonnets by Gries and Klinger were read. Thus it went on day by day. He worked regularly at sonnets every morning. On the 14th he again listened to sonnets of Werner's.

In the Frommanns' house, Minna Herzlieb was the point of attraction and admiration for all. We are told that the younger members of the party, especially Riemer and Werner, marked themselves by their attentions. They both made sonnets on the name Herzlieb, Riemer more than one. On the 16th, Werner read his to Goethe, who was stirred up himself to make one on Herzlieb. He wrote it without doubt on the morning of the 17th; later in the same day he showed it to Riemer.

On the 18th, Goethe went back to Weimar. Christmas was coming on, and with it the unconditional obligation for all men and women to be within their own four walls, to send from thence gifts and greetings at discretion to friends outside. Goethe was always mindful of his duty in this matter; to his young lady friends, for instance, he was liberal in little keepsakes accompanied by verses or *billets-doux*. On the present occasion the Frommann household was not forgotten. Minna, for her share, got a box of *bonbons*, and some think that the sonnet "*Christgeschenk*,"

may have been sent along with the *bonbons*. Be this as it may, the presents were crossed by presents. On the 26th Goethe wrote to Frau Frommann —

I hoped to thank you for a pretty pocket-book, and now I have been surprised by a most splendid one, which has given me a great deal of pleasure. Thanks, kindest thanks to you, for having forever rescued me from the temptation of keeping and producing my dearest paper treasures, as Beyreis keeps his diamonds, and Werner his sonnets. These very sonnets, full of fiery, heavenly love, have been placed on one side of the pocket-book, which seems to think a mighty deal of its contents. Now there is no help for it; I must create on the other side some sort of even balance by love and good-will, earthly indeed, and of the present, but warm and faithful. Matters of a heterogeneous sort may find room in the middle, merry or sentimental, just as they come. I take much pleasure in thus collecting and arranging, hoping soon to be able to communicate some of my treasures to you. But as it is uncertain when I shall have that happiness, I will make an attempt now to return in letters and syllables what you have done to me in stitches. Receive the old friends kindly; I hope to send the rest soon.

You had to share our sorrow at seeing our expectation of entertaining you here all at once come to nothing. May your anxiety about the dear Allwina be ever lessened, and the lasting possession of that good child more and more made sure. Last night, it being August's birthday, I wished you had all been here; our theatrical friends acted a short play, the bill of which I enclose; it was very nice. I send, moreover, a list of garden seeds; we have ours every year from this establishment, and have always been thoroughly satisfied. If you would like to order any, I will write for them along with our own. In all this I am not so disinterested as you may think; I hope this summer to enjoy them along with you. I have taken rooms at the Bischoffs', and shall this time be an inhabitant of Jena, in good earnest. The palace is to be put in order, the museum brought down-stairs, the upper floor to be made habitable; what a deal of work I shall have and make for myself! Now farewell to you and yours. Forgive me my scribbling mood; it comes even seldomer than a talking one. I will stop here and pack up, in hopes of giving Herr Frommann this to carry. Many kind regards to the Seebecks. Support my request to Minchen. Herr Frommann is going to take the parcel.

GOETHE.

Weimar, December 26th, 1807.

The time of sonnet-writing had gone by. It is likely that of the seventeen which form the collection, some were in supplementary fashion added later; but what he himself calls the "sonnet rage," had lasted for just twelve days. He had gratified his

curiosity, and had made up his mind that he "would rather carve in whole wood than stick bits together." He thought the sonnet on the whole rather a plaything than a genuine form of poetic expression. And his own attempts were not happy. With one or two exceptions, the thoughts in all of them are straitened, and the lines are stiff. Whether or not, as some think, fierce and fiery passion throbs in the playful tiptoe gait, each reader must be left to judge for himself. But that there is unity in these seventeen sonnets, or that all of them were written to or for Minna Herzlieb, may surely be denied. In those which may be called love-sonnets, there are too many expressions which in no sense suit her. We are sure only that the two called "Charade" and "Epoch" were meant for her. The latter is one of the best, and though the style in it is Petrarch's, and it carries a certain affectation on its front, we should be slow in saying that the love it parades is not real.

From the Christmas letter we learn that his affection was at least no secret, and that there was nothing underhand in his way of showing it. He sends the sonnets (perhaps other verses as well) to Frau Frommann, and he takes it for granted that she will have seen a letter which he seems to have written to Minna.

Three weeks afterwards, Goethe paid a flying visit to Jena with his wife. On the 16th of January, 1808, they were present at a ball in the "Rose." On the 17th, they spent the evening at the Frommanns', and Goethe read aloud. On the 18th, they went back to Weimar. In the spring, Goethe was again in Jena for a length of time. There is a note of his, addressed, "*An die Freundinnen*" (To my female friends), i.e., Frau Frommann and Minchen, written shortly before this visit:—

It is in dull weather, in sad days, that we best perceive the beauty of flowers, the loveliness of friendly sympathy. Receive then, dear friends (*Freundinnen*), my best thanks for what you have sent: it came in a fitting hour. I hope soon to be able to follow this note.

GOETHE.

Weimar, April 8th, 1808.

Soon after this, Minna Herzlieb went back to Züllichau. She went there to attend her sister's wedding, but her stay was lengthened, and she did not return to Jena for more than four years. In June, 1808, Goethe, writing to Frau Frommann, from Carlsbad, says:—

We were particularly grateful to you for your assurance of our Minchen's welfare. It

was to be foreseen that such a dear child, owing as much as she does to nature and yourself, would be well received, and call forth feelings of lively friendship everywhere. But it is odd: when we are vexed by the absence of persons whom we love, we can never fancy either them or their surroundings quite cheerful. So much the more gratifying was your assurance of her well-being. Be pleased to send her our salutations and best wishes.

As was to be expected, certain writers have found in Minna's "removal" from Jena a precautionary measure on the part of her adopted parents to keep her out of Goethe's way. On the other hand, Herr Frommann tells us that his mother was much vexed at Minna's prolonged absence. Her letters proving this are in his keeping.

We have no reason whatever to think—and this is borne out by those who ought to know—that either of Minna's adopted parents "dreaded" anything from Goethe's liking for her. Not even Frau Frommann, into whose hands the training and special care of the child had fallen, was the one to be thrown off her balance, or scared out of her senses, or to foresee mischief without end, because somebody fell in love with somebody. They both knew Goethe a little better than even those who write much about him know him in our own day, and their knowledge of him had led them to put great trust in him, and perhaps to expect good, rather than fear evil, to their darling from him.

At this time Goethe began to work out the plan of a new book, "The Elective Affinities." It was a plan which, as he says himself, he had carried about with him for several years. At Carlsbad he talked it over with Riemer, and made studies amongst his acquaintances there for some of the personages. The tale did not at first speed well, and in the autumn it was laid aside for a while. In the spring of 1809 he took it in hand again, and finished it.

A good many books have been written about this book, and not without cause. It is a hard book and a most unpopular one. It tells truths which hardly anybody wants to hear, and secrets which nobody cares to confess. It has always been railled at, all the more, perhaps, because of the curious unchanging fixedness with which it has kept its footing, as a fact or phenomenon that will not at all be explained away; making true what its author said, that that which has been imagined maintains its right to be, just as much as that which has happened. Many years afterwards Goethe said that "The Elective

"Affinities" was the only one of his larger productions in which he was conscious of having aimed at representing an idea. This idea—the sanctity of the marriage bond—was one which the experience and the observation of many years had borne in upon him. His own early manhood had been full of joys and illusions to the brim, and these had ended in the sudden, and what the world called ill-assorted, connection with the mother of his children. This connection, begun in the flesh, was indeed one which bystanders could not but call ill-assorted; but he himself, not thinking that he had formed an ideal union, and sure that his own share in it was not void of offence, found it very bearable. He loved Christiane from first to last, and she returned his love. She was *not* a helpmeet for him, but she did help him to the best of her power, and he knew it. Still, standing as he did in full sight of the old age that was near, it is very likely that the vision of a thousand might-have-beens passed before him often enough. Just in those years the beauty of many younger women, the charms of some lovely girls, may have given a point to such yearnings; but the world outside noticed only a heightened calmness of bearing, and the objects of his liking—Sylvia Ziegesser, Bettina Brentano, Pauline Gotter, and others—were delighted with his fatherly fondness. The culminating point is very likely to be found in his love for Minna Herzlieb. It was, as has already been said, the period in which it had become the fashion for persons of genius to handle the marriage bond as some ladies in argument will handle a bracelet—taking it off and putting it on again at every turn in the great argument of life, with a fidgetty doubt whether the action would be thought graceful or *gauche*. Our friend Zachary Werner, at the time of his visit to Jena, had been divorced from three wives! It might not be easy exactly to say what the age and its vagaries had to do with the poet's work. Perhaps they may have dragged him to the doing of it, as the spread canvas will quicken the painter to begin his picture. Be this as it may, in "The Elective Affinities" a picture for all ages came to sight, the very truthfulness of which goads the most of us—unused to look at either ourselves or others in plain broad daylight—to say, it is *not* truthful. It was another of the unburdenings of the author's soul; this time the throwing off of a weight that had been growing for twenty years and more. He, too, in many silent hours, had known the same longings

for "happiness" which the most of us know and think so reasonable. Acknowledging (rightly or wrongly) the marriage bond to be the foundation of our moral and civil existence, "the basis and the apex of all civilization," and not daring of his own accord to leave the place he found himself standing on and go back to savage life (being, in fact, thoroughly well-bred), he set over against any such longings the conviction that there is hardly one sufficient reason why husband and wife should separate—the human state, in joy and sorrow, being set so high that it is not possible to reckon up what a married couple owe to each other, "an infinite debt that can be paid only in eternity." He acknowledged to the full the debt that he himself owed to his Christiane. At a time when outsiders had long begun to shudder at the notion of her being in any sense called "Goethe's wife," the ecclesiastical sanction was given to their union. When she died, ten years afterwards, he mourned for her very bitterly. It is this tragedy of wedlock—a tragedy, for his part in which he himself would have been very far from claiming any merit or distinction, as though he had acted it well, or as though some strange thing had happened to him; a tragedy, in the very intenseness of the individual misery which it renders, symbolical of the pain that is common to man; a tragedy, like all real ones, mixed with many joys and pleasures—it is this which has been shown to us in the "*Wahlverwandtschaften*."

"No one," he says himself, "will fail to recognize here a deep and passionate wound, which in the process of healing shrinks from closing; a heart that dreads being cured. This novel, like 'Pandora,' expresses the sentiment of privation, and in many respects cost its author dear." Writing to Bettina he says: "In unravelling these harsh fates the poet was deeply moved; he bore his share of sorrow. As so much that is sad dies the death of transitoriness un mourned for, the poet had set before himself the task of gathering into this one fiction, as into a burial urn, the tears for much that had slipped through his grasp."* After these and other words of his own, it seems difficult to put "The Elective Affinities" into the same class of fiction with Werther, or to maintain that the whole tale sprung out of the one episode of the author's love for Minna Herz-

* Any quotation from Bettina is of course to be taken with caution. In this case she has perhaps changed the words, but the meaning sounds like Goethe's meaning.

lieb. No one will deny that in the author's imagination Minna sat as model to the Ottilie of the book, though even then it is likely that some of the features were borrowed elsewhere. In the epithets that he lavishes on Ottilie, the "dear," the "good," the "fair," the "glorious," the "heavenly" child, may be shadowed not only the love he bore to his own creation, but the love he had borne to its original.

We will quote here, but without all comment, a passage from Sulpiz Boissérée's journal — a passage which has been a bone of much contention. On the 6th of October, 1815, Goethe and Boissérée had driven together from Frankfurt to Heidelberg, and Boissérée says: —

We happened to talk of "The Elective Affinities." Goethe laid stress on his having brought on the catastrophe rapidly and without any break. The stars had come out. He spoke of his relation to Ottilie: how he had loved her, and how unhappy she had made him. He became at last almost enigmatical and full of presentiments in what he said. Now and then he recited a merry line. And so, tired, irritable, half-tull of presentiments, half-asleep, by splendid starlight, and in keen cold, we arrived at Heidelberg.

Minna Herzlieb staid at Züllichau for more than four years. She refused several offers of marriage which were made to her. In answer to her own report of one of these, Frau Frommann wrote to her: —

You know I consider the person happy who reflects, comes to a conviction, and acts accordingly. You have done so, and happy you! I do not blame you in the least. When the heart always says no, it is a hazardous game to oppose it. It was a good thing that you could not ask my advice; I should have referred you to yourself and your own heart. I always liked J——, and esteemed him for his out-and-out upright character; I was very fond of his sister, and had nothing to object to in his mother, so you might have fancied that you could read in my eyes a wish that your heart might not always say no. I am very glad, I tell you again, and I only beg you will have no scruples behindhand.

After a while an offer was made to which she said yes. It came from a young Silesian student of good family, between whom and Minna an attachment had sprung up. But the young man's mother, when written to, refused her consent, and Minna, with her usual conscientiousness, at once broke off the engagement.* Some time afterwards she again engaged herself, this time

to a teacher in a gymnasium in Berlin. As his intended wife she returned to Jena in the autumn of 1812. But she had acted without consulting her heart, and had promised more than she could fulfil. Her delight at reaching "home" again, and her indifference to everything else, are expressed in a letter to Herr Frommann, who was not in Jena at the time: —

Here I am, sitting beside mother and Allwina, and writing to you! It is impossible for me to think seriously of anything that lies on the outside of this circle. I am delighted beyond description. How happy I am beside mother, beside my beloved sister Allwina! How I feel anew that I have grown round the hearts of you all! How is it possible that I could wander about so long amongst strangers? Thank God that I am here.

The overflowing delight in the old surroundings was fatal to the engagement she had made. Her betrothed followed her to Jena not long after, but was received with such coldness that he himself saw that no good could come from pushing his suit. He drew back, and she was free again. She lived on in the home of her girlhood, loving and loved. Something is said about other offers of marriage that were made to her, and one in particular that she was disposed to accept; but they came to nothing.

Stahr, as was already said, has made out that Goethe's and Minna's "love" for each other — passionate, poetic, all-absorbing — endured through a long term of years, making the one wretched and throwing a halo round the other. He does not tell us how at last it died away, neither does he offer any proofs for what he says. On the contrary he complains that all the sources of information have been kept back. We might rest content with answering, "The thing is not possible." In that case we should have to ask those readers who do not know much about Goethe to take our word for this. "Goethe," says Hermann Grimm, "is a mountain-chain, all the slopes and hollows, the heights and depths, of which have been accurately explored and measured;" but it is not possible for every one to have the results of these explorings at command — the knowledge which gives us a right to say, "The story flies in the face of all that we have ever learned about the character of Goethe, its strength and its weakness, and is to be disbelieved." But those who ought to know, and whose word we take, tell us that there are no "sources of information" to keep back. Goethe's "love" for Minna ended, doubtless, very quickly

* What Stahr adds, viz., that the young gentleman fell in the War of Independence, is not true.

indeed. At all events it was laid to rest, as so much else had been in like fashion, when he drew the figure of Ottilie in "The Elective Affinities." But that did not hinder his liking to get news about her for many years, perhaps as long as he lived: of his friendship for her there are traces in plenty.

On her birthday, the 22nd of May, in the year 1817, he gave her a copy of the edition of his poems of 1815, and wrote four lines on the fly-leaf, saying that "if she found old acquaintances in the book, she would perhaps recognize herself." The two sonnets before mentioned, which were written for her, are wanting in this edition — they were added in a later one — but there were, doubtless, features of Minchen's to be found in many of the poems, features not now recognizable. The fact of the gift and of the dedication is to some a tell-tale evidence of love enduring for ten years. Others think that the dedication in particular is evidence of just the contrary; on which point it would be in vain to argue. It is fair, however, to remind readers that it was no uncommon thing for Goethe to give presents, birthday and other, or to write stanzas to ladies, young and old.

And this, if we mistake not, is all that is to be told about Goethe and Minna Herzlieb. The sad story of Minna's later life does not belong to literature. She herself, with her shrinking from the eye of strangers, could not bear that *anything* should be said about her in print. She enjoined on all around her absolute silence in respect of herself. When Mr. Lewes' "Life of Goethe" became known in Germany, she gave no contradiction to the statement that she had lived to be a "happy wife," and she allowed no one else to contradict it. After she was dead, survivors fondly cherishing her memory, perhaps with some awe felt for one whom the Lord had stricken, kept the silence unbroken. Even what has now been told might never have become known had not attacks been made on the memory of persons no longer able to speak for themselves. A statement of everything in the order in which it happened was the best way to ward off such attacks. As for that which follows, Minna's friends have been indignantly upbraided for "hiding the truth," as though the world had a right to be undeceived when it believed Minna's marriage to have been a happy one. It seems very natural that these friends should have thought the mistake "one not materially hurtful to the German nation's

power of understanding the writings of their poet-prince." Now there is no room for concealment, and her after-history awakens our sympathy, as the history of any human being will do for whom we have once felt a liking.

Professor Walch, of Jena, had twice made an offer of marriage to Minna, and had twice been refused, when, on a third application in the spring of 1821, he was accepted. He was a professor of jurisprudence, the descendant of a long line of learned ancestors, who had filled chairs in the university. He was himself a man of learning and of very good standing, and, moreover, very well off in his worldly circumstances. But he was twenty years older than Minna, who was then thirty-two. He was, we are told, strikingly ugly and awkward and undignified, and, it is added, pedantic and narrow-minded. No more strangely contrasted couple could well have been put together. Nobody knows why she pledged her word to him. The courtship, or rather the state of betrothal, was so unhappy a one, the bride's aversion was so marked, that three weeks before the wedding both Frau Frommann and Walch himself urged her rather to break off the engagement than fulfil it against her liking. But she stuck to her purpose. Her natural indecision of character seems at first sight to have been wanting on this occasion, and to have given place to a determination most ill-timed and ominous. But if we could look deeper, perhaps we should find that it was that very indecision that made her shrink back from the bold and resolute step of a breach of engagement. The marriage took place in September 1821, and very soon afterwards the unhappy wife left her husband's house and went back to her relations in Züllichau. The pleasant home of her girlhood, in the very same town with her own "home," could no longer be open to her.

It may have been not long after this that some sort of mental disorder first showed itself. It was neither severe nor abiding, but it came back. Some time afterwards she returned to her husband. Friends did their best to bring the parted couple together, Minna's own sense of duty impelled her, her longing for Jena drew her, and at a distance her husband did not seem so disagreeable to her. She wrote him friendly letters, and she came back to him. But it would not do. She was torn to pieces by her antipathy, and fled to her brother again with a fresh attack of her disorder. Yet in

years following she tried the same experiment again and again, always with the same result. She who was so gentle and loving towards everybody else, could not bear even to be *near* her husband. Whilst one of these trials was going on, she wrote to a friend:—"It is dreadful, but when I am at work in my own room, and I hear Walch's voice in the passage, even if I know that he is not coming to me, I tremble from head to foot." Of course, her horror and her infirmity often showed themselves in ways that it is needless to dwell on,—symptoms that in their uncertain coming and going were grievously harrowing at the time to those who doated on the sufferer. When ten years had passed, the experiments were given up, and the ill-assorted couple remained separated. A divorce was talked of, but neither of the two would take the first step. Walch died in 1853.

Her disorder, repeatedly coming on, was so distressing that her friends several times sought help for her away from home. On one occasion she came back seemingly quite cured. After her brother's death, her sister-in-law and she kept house together in Züllichau. And when her husband was dead, she came every other year for several months to her foster-brother's house in Jena. The parents who had cared and sorrowed for her were in their graves,* but clinging and clung to she found a loving welcome still. A third generation was growing up; in their hearts her memory is enshrined to this day as a thing beautiful and much beloved.

After the death of her sister-in-law in 1864, her old disorder returned with such violence that it was found necessary to take her to a hospital for the insane at Görnitz. There she died on the 10th of July, 1865.

We add here a translation of the greater part of a letter written by Herr von Loeper, in Berlin, giving an account of a visit paid by him to Minna Herzlieb:—

It was on the 6th of August, 1857, that I, then in Züllichau on business, on a hot afternoon, sought out the shady house on the Grünberg road, in the first floor of which the widowed Frau Walch lived with her sister-in-law, the widowed Frau Herzlieb. Unluckily, just before my arrival, a party of ladies had assembled themselves in the comfortable, well-furnished rooms, and their presence made it necessary for me to shorten my visit. Both ladies received me with extreme kindness, and

* Frau Frommann died in 1830; her husband followed her in 1837.

Minna at once engaged in conversation about the time spent by her in Jena. She was then bordering on seventy, but her tall slim figure, her blooming complexion, and the ease of her movements made her look at least twenty years younger. She made quite the impression described by Stahr. The first subject of our conversation was Lewes' book on Goethe, which had just come out, but which she had not yet read. (The second volume, in which "The Elective Affinities" are spoken of, did not appear in the German translation till late in the autumn of that year.) She was glad that Goethe was coming into fashion again; so she expressed herself. Still she eluded adroitly, and with a sort of embarrassed smile, my question, whether she had recognized herself in the Otilie. But she positively denied that she had been removed from Jena on Goethe's account, or, as Lewes says, sent back to school: her temporary absence from Jena had been owing quite to other circumstances. She did not deny that many of Goethe's sonnets were dedicated to her, adding, "You must always remember that Goethe was a poet," and remarking that there were several of them which she had never seen till she read them in print. These, she said, might have been written for Bettina, to whom I had better apply. She appropriated to herself, in particular, the one called "*Wachsthum*," saying it exactly expressed her relation to Goethe. The sonnets were so beautiful and perfect in themselves, that it was a pity to hunt up the actual facts they might refer to: "Goethe was a poet, you know." She had known him from about the year 1800 till 1823 or 1824. He had seen her in the Frommanns' house as a child, and as she grew up, just as the sonnet indicates; she had often walked with him.* As she was in such a good train, I did not venture to interrupt her by inquiring how Goethe had come to represent her as a "princess." When I laid stress on Goethe's having been in his fifty-eighth year, whilst she was in her eighteenth, she replied with animation, "Goethe was always young, you did not observe his age." She said he had always been most amiable towards her, and when she looked back on him and on that period, she had no recollections but pleasant ones. Unaffected veneration, almost enthusiasm, expressed themselves in her voice and looks. She denied that Goethe had ever sent her the sonnets, and she declared that she possessed neither letters nor poems of his, with the exception of some lines which he had written in a copy of his printed poems. At my request

* Mr. and Miss Frommann, on the other hand, say they do not believe Minna ever walked with Goethe. It does not strike us that the sonnet "*Wachsthum*" in particular bears on Minna. It might be hard to understand why she appropriated it to herself; but for the fact that, as will be seen, she possessed it in his handwriting. Most likely he had given it to her. Bettina von Arnim has been much laughed at for appropriating to herself sonnets of Goethe's. Yet, as we now know, she had at least one of them in her possession, in Goethe's handwriting.

she rose and, stepping briskly, fetched from the next room the volume of poems referred to. I copied on a piece of paper, which she gave me, the dedication strophe of May 22, 1817 — which, at the time of my visit, was not known to have been addressed to Minna. As I turned over the leaves of the book, our conversation fell on many of the poems contained in it, and I saw that she was quite at home in them, knew a number of them by heart, and, when I quoted a line, could supply the rest. Her honest brown eyes were nearly always covered by their long lashes, and though she entered on the conversation gracefully and delicately, she was, on the whole, reserved and bashful — almost like a young girl. Her sister-in-law, who was in the room the whole time, put an end to the conversation, as the recollections seemed to excite Minna, and the rest of the party were waiting for the hostesses. At that time I knew nothing about Minna's mental malady, consideration for which, doubtless, guided the conduct of the sister-in-law.

Afterwards, at the time of the preparations for the Goethe Exhibition in Berlin, I wrote to Minna, and asked her to lend me the volume. She refused, in the following characteristic words: —

SIR, — By my absence from Züllichau prevented from sooner answering your letter, I could not till today beg your indulgence for my inability, yielding, as I do, to the propensities known to you, to fulfil your wish. Great as the worth is that the book has for me, the contribution to your great and magnificent undertaking would be but small. For this reason it will be easy for you to judge mildly of my seeming disobligingness. Thus hoping, with many regards, yours,

MINNA WALCH HERZLIEB.

Züllichau, April 27th, 1861.

Neither was her picture to be obtained for the exhibition.

By her will, Minna Herzlieb left to Allwina Frommann a sealed parcel. The bulk of its contents consisted of Miss Frommann's own portrait, in a frame, and her and her mother's letters to Minna, tied up in a bundle. Alongside of these were some autograph sonnets of Zachary Werner's.

There were three things of Goethe's: first, a drawing of his; second, a dried flower, folded in paper, on which, in Minna's hand, was written — "With great deliberation, and no doubt, with many fine thoughts in his inmost soul, plucked by the dear old gentleman, in our blue room, in a familiar circle of few persons, on the 20th of June 1807;" third, the sonnet, "*Wachsthum*," in Goethe's handwriting, but without the four first lines, which had been clipped off; underneath it was the date, "13th December 1807, midnight."

The date on the dried flower is a wrong one. In June 1807, Goethe was not in Jena, but in Carlsbad. Minna's having the sonnet in her possession does not har-

monize well with her saying to Loeper that she possessed no writing of Goethe's but the lines in the book. These and other discrepancies will not surprise any one who has found out by experience, how little trust can be put in the evidence from memory given by women of the finest affections and most delicate feelings.

ANDREW HAMILTON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
LEFT-HANDED ELSA.

IX.

"You have not told me yet," said the lady, with her brightest smile, "if I really have the honour of speaking with Herr Max Brendel? But you need not tell me — you have a painter's eyes. I am come, I was about to say, to thank in person the young artist who has honoured me by staking his earliest success upon the merits of my poor features. Let me be the warmest, if not the first, in my congratulations. I saw your work in the *Rath-haus* — I mistook it for a Titian, and I ought to know. I assure you that my friends from Munich were glowing with your praises: you will hear from them again before long. Meanwhile, let me be your first patron, if you don't object to my taking a title that honours me more than you. The old castle must have a gallery, and I long to inaugurate my reign there with the first picture of the already great, the future famous master, Max Brendel. Set your own value upon me, and let myself be my own."

At first he thought that the vision of the mirror must have taken substance; but her mention of the old castle showed her to be only the newly-arrived foreign baroness of Herr Elias. If so, in spite of the startling coincidence, she was real flesh and blood, and not the fetch of a phantom: and in that case he might be bold enough to use his tongue. He bowed.

"I am Max Brendel, gracious lady. For your praise, I will not try to thank you. The face came to me — I know not how — but it was yours, and how could I fail to succeed when so inspired? Never did I paint like that before — never, something tells me, shall I be able to paint like that again." Now that his tongue was loosed, it seemed quite natural to find himself talking to one whose face and form had filled his heart and mind for so long, and who, though a stranger, was already his most familiar friend. Even her voice was too much in harmony with her

crystalline beauty to sound strange after it had once pronounced his name. Even such was the voice of which he had dreamed in connection with his shadow, and which he had already essayed in vain to hear. "But, alas!" he went on, "I would let you have the picture willingly as a gift if it were my own—you have already more than paid me for a life's work—but it is a rule that the prize-painting becomes the property of the town."

"A foolish, unjust rule, Herr Brendel. It means that you have sold for—what was it?—a wretched five hundred gulden what would have fetched at least five thousand in Munich, or Paris, or Florence, or Moscow. You have let the town cheat you, Herr Brendel. Five hundred gulden may be something to a poor and clever student: it is an insult to a master. But we will have our revenge. Paint me a *replica* for five thousand gulden. I have set my heart on that picture, and the copy shall be better even than the original, for I will sit to you in person this time."

Her voice was as sweet as the flattery of self-praise. More than this, her offer enabled him to purchase the mirror without giving up his journey to Rome. But where was the thought that should have come first—"Five thousand gulden! I can marry Elsa now without going to Rome"? A month ago he would have fallen on his knees and worshipped the bearer of such a gift from heaven to Elsa and to him. And he was fain to worship; but not for Elsa's sake, and not wholly for his own. He had not studied for weeks the mute secret of such lips and eyes in vain. Now that the lips were no longer mute, he felt that he both heard and saw the incarnation of his dream.

She was, indeed, transcendently beautiful—to him; and then he had never seen her smile before. There was the same exquisite symmetry of form and feature, the same diamond sheen of hair, the same transparent rose in her cheek, the same wonderful depth in her speaking eyes. Her tall and graceful though fragile figure, hitherto unseen, her noble bearing, her musical voice, and her gracious words, were new and crowning charms. He bent forward and kissed her hand.

"Be all things as you will, gracious lady," he said; "but let no money come between the artist and his inspiration—his first inspiration. I will do all things for you."

She smiled upon him yet more winningly.

"But I must insist on my part of the

bargain, my dear Herr Max. The less an artist cares for wealth, the more his purse should be thought of by others. It is only a trifle—what are five thousand gulden, what are five hundred thousand, between me and you? I offer you a swift and sure way to glory, which you covet more than wealth—be it yours to show your gratitude by letting me make you rich besides. Your biographers shall not write of your first patroness that she preyed upon your genius like a vampire—that she devoured your heart's blood and gave you no reward. They shall call me the generous friend as well as the keen-eyed connoisseur—I too have my ambitions, my vanities, my whims, and that is one. Ah! what is this?" she asked, looking at the canvas. "You have already begun upon me a second time?"

"Oh, gracious lady, that is nothing," said Max, half-confused. "Only when one's mind is full of a subject to overflowing it runs out into many forms; it is a poor theme that one can exhaust in a single picture—and this——"

"*Au revoir*, then. To-morrow, at this hour, I will come again, and we will begin in earnest."

His prayer, if such it could be called, for a short cut to fame and fortune, had indeed been answered. Already, without having gone to Rome, his fame had been carried to Munich by his judges, and he was being launched into the wide ocean of art by one who was as munificent as she was beautiful, and had already mistaken him for Titian. He was, indeed, no longer the same Max Brendel. His hopes for a long struggle in order to wring domestic happiness with a simple girl from the unwilling hands of unfavourable fortune seemed inexpressibly poor and mean. He was still betrothed to Elsa, of course, and must marry her in time, however much his *bourgeoise* wife, a common journeyman's daughter, might stand in the way of a life-journey that led him among baronesses—that would lead him soon among the princes of art, and, in time, among the princes of this world. Titian was the friend of an emperor; and, in a word, what with past despair, present triumph, and future glory, the head of Max Brendel was fairly turned. If it had not been so, the mirror itself would have been less wonderful. It is well for men that their successes, for the most part, come slowly, late, and tempered with much alloy; when they come all at once, and in the very outset of youth, they act like furious wine.

That same evening a messenger from Regenstein brought him, in a sealed envelope, notes for five thousand gulden, with one line of writing: "From my left hand to my right—a contribution to the biography of a connoisseur." He scarcely comprehended the words, but he gathered that the donor would accept of no refusal, and delicately wished him to feel that she was merely gratifying a caprice of her own in paying him before his work was begun. Well, then, he must work for her all the more devotedly, that was all, and Rome must be out of the question while she needed him. Down he went at once to Herr Elias, with a note for five hundred gulden in his hand.

"That is for the mirror," he said.

"Aha! you pay promptly, my good Herr Max," said Herr Elias, as he examined the note. "Eh, eh! this comes from Castle Regenstein—you are in luck's way, my good young gentleman, if you have dealings there. And to get a glass like that for five hundred gulden—that happens not every day! But you deserve it, my good Herr Max: you pay your debts down on the nail, not like that rogue of a Meyer, who is in such a hurry to leave the world that he does not wait to pay me my little bill."

"Meyer? What has he done?"

"How? Have you not heard? he has drowned himself, that's all; nothing more, my good Herr Max—nothing more."

"Good heaven!"

"Yes, my good Herr Max. In the water. They found his hat swimming an hour ago—a very bad hat indeed. Not worth two kreutzers, on my word. But I can do it up, my good Herr Max; and if you want a hat for Sundays——"

But Max was gone. He ran out and hurried straight to Meyer's lodging. It was only too likely that the diseased temper of the young man, full of all the weakness of genius and wanting all its strength, should in the first frenzy of exaggerated disappointment, have led him to suicide. He had never fought against an impulse, and he had staked his whole career upon the prize. Max almost felt responsible for his rival's death, even though his conscience, in this matter, was clear.

Arrived at Meyer's lodging he found the news only too true. Rothkopf and Sleinitz, walking along the riverside, had caught sight of the black hat floating down the stream. It was carried by an eddy into a bed of rushes, whence Rothkopf amused himself by hooking it to shore. Sleinitz recognized it at once—it

contained his practical joke of the laurel crown. Then it came out that the unlucky Meyer had returned from the competition in a half-crazed condition, had said no word to a soul, had gone to his room for an instant or two, had hurried out again, as the servant said, like a wild man, and had never returned.

He had no friends in the place, and his habits were so retired and reserved that nobody knew whether he had any relations anywhere, much less where they were to be found. Max knew him better than anybody, and he, under the circumstances, took upon himself the duty of searching Meyer's rooms in order to find out any possible clue to the whereabouts of his family. That it was a case of suicide none could doubt for a moment. The hat was evidence of his having been in the river; and the stream was so swift and strong that even a good swimmer would have found it hard to escape, much more a feeble lad like Meyer, who did not know how to swim. That the body, in spite of search, had not been found, proved nothing: so strong a current would soon have carried it many miles away. But assurance became doubly sure when Max found the following note, scrawled in pencil, pinned to a pillow:—

"Know all men that I, Adolf Meyer, the painter, have been conquered by sorcery. I accuse Max Brendel of being in league with the devil. I quit with scorn and loathing a world where genius has to contend with infernal powers, and I go to find my glory where the work of wizards hath not to be judged by fools. Seek for the body of Adolf Meyer beneath the river; for his soul above the stars.—A. M."

So it was clear that the poor crazy soul had gone mad on the first provocation and had died. But much was due to his memory at the hands of Max Brendel. The authorities, though slowly moving, would soon arrive to seal the room. The incoherent piece of writing would assuredly condemn its author to the burial of a self-murderer; while the prophetess herself, who, still under her canvas cover, lay upon the floor, would be overhauled by ignorant and careless hands and insulted by mocking tongues. The successful man, who had unconsciously driven his rival to a grave in the river, was bound to do all he could for Meyer's immediate memory and future reputation. He felt no hesitation in at once destroying the scrawl, and in conveying the prophetess, without lifting her veil, to his own lodging. He was the

natural guardian of all that might conduce to shed any sort of halo on the head of one who would still have been living but for him. Perhaps, too, Meyer's relations, when discovered, might prove to be poor people, to whom the prophetess might be of service. Meanwhile it would be safe in his keeping from being seen prematurely. He sealed the cover and placed the picture against the wall.

Of course all this kept him from going at once to make his peace with Elsa. Indeed his mind was in such a whirl that he hardly realized the breach between himself and her. He counted his remaining four thousand five hundred gulden and then turned to the looking-glass, the abode of his familiar spirit, to thank the shadow of the donor and to gaze upon her beauty with tenfold rapture.

The face was gone. He saw only his own reflection, just as he would have seen it in the commonest of toilet mirrors. Five hundred gulden had proved a long price to pay.

Never mind, though — he could afford it, and gratitude was not to be measured by gulden. Moreover, if he had lost the shadow, he had gained the substance. His patroness was real and he was sane: he lived in a mere dream no more.

X.

IN one respect, however, it is a question whether his recovered sanity was quite so much an advantage as he supposed. When one loves a dream, the love is a dream: when the dream one loves becomes a reality, the love also becomes real.

He was still Elsa's betrothed: she still wore his ring, though it now scorched and pained her. But his daily visits to the baroness could not fail to exercise over him a perilous fascination. Cowardice, though he had never hitherto shown himself a coward, was the all-powerful cause of his putting off a reconciliation with his betrothed, first from hour to hour, and then, from day to day. He had never known a great lady in his life before; and the baroness was to the poor student the princess of a fairy tale. The very perfume of her dress intoxicated him. Then she had none of the commonplace prettiness of Elsa: she wore the beauty of a loftier world. She was a goddess: Elsa only a girl. And she could talk to his mind as well as to his heart: she could sympathize with his higher ideas, and give wings to his brains.

There were strange things about her

that enhanced her fascination, even though he, in his ignorance, failed to think them strange. Why should so brilliant a being have come to bury her beauty and her youth in a half-ruined castle in so out-of-the-way a corner? Why did she live alone? Why was she content with his society? Perhaps the last question would have puzzled no other man. But these were not her most striking peculiarities. She had a singular horror of darkness, and surrounded herself with a brilliant illumination of wax-candles almost before the sun went down. Her very bedchamber at midnight was a blaze of artificial day. She had no feminine taste for flowers, or for the living and vocal flowers called birds; but she indulged an intense passion for all that gleamed and sparkled — for diamonds and jewels of every sort and kind. In accordance with this passion her rooms were lined throughout with mirrors from floor to ceiling — the old castle should have been the very Palace of Truth itself for transparency. From the ceiling of every inhabitable room hung a large chandelier composed of prismatic lustres; and she ate and drank from the richest workmanship of Venice and Prague. The nature of her mind itself was that of a mirror. It was startlingly quick and bright: no sooner was an idea presented to her than she instantaneously reflected it and made it her own. But, unless kept constantly and prominently before her, it passed away, as utterly as if it had never been, from the surface of her mind. Nor did she ever originate, though taking the keenest delight in, new ideas. Whenever Max spoke she became all eyes and ears. Perhaps it was well for the peace of his vanity that he never met her in the company of other men, and that she had nothing to reflect but the lights and shades of his own mind. Sometimes he could not help flattering himself that the interest she took in him must be due to something more personal and definite than a passion for art in the abstract. Once he caught himself thinking aloud, "If it were not for Elsa, what things might not be!" And, even as things were, there seemed no reason why Elsa should interfere, seeing that he had not seen her since — since — he could not remember when.

There was one barrier, however, between them — while she reflected every movement of his soul, he could not see into hers. It was himself that he seemed to read in her. Even when their hands met, there seemed a thin, indefinable something — like a perfectly smooth surface without

depth—that came between and prevented an actual contact. Her touch added no thrill to his own.

The second portrait of the baroness had now long been finished. As she had foretold, it was better than even his prize-picture: and she sent it to be exhibited for a few days in the *Rath-haus*, so that it might eclipse its predecessor. All the town was proud of its citizen, Herr Max Brendel, whose fame had now travelled to Munich and back again: and everybody said that this was *the* masterpiece: that the first had been only the promise of the second. Max Brendel was a prophet in his own country.

The baroness was delighted to reflect all this public praise. She gathered up the opinions of everybody, and agreed with them all.

"There," she said, "was I not right? You must make me another picture for the old castle before you go to Rome. You shall make Regenstein the most famous gallery in all Germany."

His heart rose up with pride.

"Only give me a subject, madam," he said, "and I will not rest day or night till it is done."

"A subject? Well—you have painted me twice over, and the second was better than the first. Paint me a third time—the third time will be the best of all."

"I can find no more glorious subject, madam, if I wander through the world."

So he set himself to make a third and yet grander picture of the baroness. She was his inspiration, and he was nothing without her.

XI.

MEANWHILE it must not be supposed that the black, worm-eaten, rat-eaten old lumber-room of Herr Elias was any longer large or fine enough to hold Herr Brendel and his fortunes. The baroness hated all things dark and dull; and, thanks to her extravagant liberality, he was now able to live in a style more in accordance with her tastes, which had become his own. At her direct instigation he moved to another part of the town and into expensive apartments. She wished her *protégé* to do credit to his patroness and to advertise her munificence—nothing that she did was to be hid under a bushel—and her wishes were his laws. He obeyed willingly—all he had came from her, and she had therefore a moral right to control its disposal. Here, in his new abode, he painted *en prince*; and here he did other things *en prince* besides. The steady-

going and blameless young fellow whom Elsa had called Max was very unlike the famous Herr Brendel.

He had sown his modest crop of wild oats in his time, of course, in company with the Rothkopfs and Sleinitzes of the painting-school. He had never, before his betrothal to Elsa, been averse to such simple forms of dissipation as a poor art-student might light upon in a town that was free from the cheap and easy opportunities given by great cities. But his life assumed a different shape now that the light touch of Elsa's hand was removed. Whether it was that whenever he thought of her he was filled with shame, or whether the influence of his generous benefactress was in itself a power of evil, there is no need to say, and no means of saying. One thing led on to another. The friend of a baroness, whose fame had travelled to Munich and back again, could not plod on like poor Max Brendel. All the great painters had lived magnificently—Titian, Rubens, Raphael—and should Brendel give himself any lower example than the highest of all? Even in the most obscure of towns, if a man is bent upon it, he may contrive to launch out in style. Max Brendel launched out in the style of a lion.

Indeed he was really a lion. He dined with the burgomaster, and painted for him a small picture of the baroness in the character of Justice. He lectured in the painting-school, to which he condescended to present a sketch of the baroness in the character of Clio. He sent to Munich a great picture of the baroness as St. Catherine: he sent another great picture of the baroness, as Thusnelda, to Berlin. He received several commissions from those who admired his finished style, and his patrons regularly received a portrait of the baroness, in some new character, in return. Foreign visitors came with letters of introduction to Herr Professor Brendel. He restored to the Academy the prize he had gained, and the student who had painted the modest landscape was sent to Rome. He was invited to leave his native town and to settle in a larger field, but he always refused: patriotism was the excuse, but the baroness was the cause. He gave dinners that outdid the burgomaster's with wine that outshone the bishop's. No longer did he associate with those honest comrades of his, Sleinitz and Rothkopf. He spoke to them kindly when he came across them, but was hail-fellow-well-met with them no more.

Well, such things happen every day.

There is not much to wonder at in a poor man's suddenly becoming rich and cutting his old friends. There is very little to wonder at in a great painter, who has become a lion, finding it practically impossible to marry a poor little *bourgeoise*. He and Elsa were no longer in the same world. What would they all say—what would the baroness say? It was all over between them now.

"And so best, I suppose," he sometimes thought with a sigh.

XII.

IN one thing he had an advantage over many great men—he was not troubled by the ghosts of his humbler days. There was no fear of his being intruded upon by Elsa now, though she had once come to him when he ought to have gone to her.

The long absence of her lover was a confirmation of her worst fears: and at last it was impossible even for her to force herself to believe that she had judged him harshly. It was only too true, too clear, that her short-lived dream of happiness was past and gone.

Not that she spent her time in crying her eyes out. No one saw her shed a tear. Herr Frohmann never had occasion to scold her even for breaking crockery, much less for inattention to his slightest comfort. To all appearance she was as quiet as a mouse and as busy as a bee. Her smiles had gone away with her tears, but she allowed nobody to miss her smile. She did not turn cynic or cry out to all the fates and furies because she had found her trust betrayed—because she shared the common lot in finding the citadel of her life built up upon a shoal of shifting sand. Her heart might break, but neither her strength nor her pride.

"Elsa, my girl," said her father to her one evening when, even in the workshop, he had heard Max Brendel's name spoken of with honour, "I hear great things of that Max of thine. What has become of the fellow? From all I hear he ought to be thinking of speaking to me about the wedding-day."

She crept to him and laid her hand on his shoulder, with the caress that had belonged to her lover in old times. She had been expecting the question to come at last, but was still unprepared with a reply.

"Ah, you think I've been blind, my girl," he said in his rough way, "but I'm not so blind as I seem. I've been waiting for you to speak first, but as you won't I must take the bull by the horns. Max

has never been here since he got the prize; and what's more, they say he's to marry the baroness up at Regenstein—they were talking about it to-day. And he's turned bad and wild. Elsa Frohmann, the daughter of old Frohmann the wood-carver, isn't fit for the Herr Professor. Never mind, my girl—thank God, we're as proud as he; and we won't speak to those who are bad, if he won't speak to those that are poor. And there's as good fish in the river as ever a Max Brendel."

It was one thing to condemn her lover, but it was another thing to hear him condemned.

"Father," she said, "it's true—all's over between Max and me. But it's not his fault, father: how could a great and clever man like him really care for a poor plain, clumsy girl like me? It was all very well while he was poor and unhappy, and had seen nobody but Elsa. But it couldn't last—how could it? It was too sweet a dream; one always wakes, always, from sweet dreams. It must have come to an end," she went on, with the tears at last brimming into her eyes; "and better now than if we had married and he'd found out too late that he could not love me as—I loved him.—Now I must be thy Elsa, thine only, my own father—that's all: I would not have him unhappy for my sake, no, not for all the prizes in the world; and now, I would not leave thee—no, not for him."

"He's a blackguard, that's all, Elsa, and thou art a little fool. But if thou canst forget him, thou art wise. Take off that ring."

"No—not that, father. I must keep my ring."

"It is shameful to wear it longer, if thou art his betrothed no more. Give it me, that I may send it back to the Herr Professor."

"Oh, let me be thy Elsa, father; and I cannot be thy Elsa if I am untrue to my betrothed—to my Max who is dead and gone." At last, for the first time, she broke down: she fell upon her father's neck and cried.

"Who has turned into a scoundrel," he said, gruffly. But he said no more about the ring.

From The Saturday Review.
RATIONAL EXCITEMENT.

THE love of excitement seems to have been commonly regarded as a disturbing

force in volition. People are supposed to indulge in it, not from deliberate preference, but simply from the overmastering influence of the exciting pleasure. According to this view, which has been advocated by philosophers from Plato downwards, the force of excitement is the power of a present gratification which, by taking full possession of consciousness, excludes all reflection, comparison of ends, and deliberate preference of one end to another. One familiar illustration of this process is the condition of a morally weak and highly sensitive mind in view of an object of sensuous gratification immediately presented to it. And there is little doubt that this is the mode in which most persons are acted upon by the intenser forms of pleasure. We may see abundant illustrations of this weakness in the every-day life of Englishmen. Now it is the workman, who, finding himself inpossession of a little store of accumulating wages, cannot resist the temptation of an immediate indulgence in the noisy delights of alcoholic stimulation. At another time it is the wife of a struggling business man, who is transported by the prospect of decking herself in luxurious apparel, and who at the moment of temptation is wholly unrestrained by considerations of a wise economy. The records of our bankruptcy and criminal courts abundantly testify to the overwhelming power of present excitement over the minds of large numbers of the community.

But this is not the only way in which exciting pleasures exercise a peculiar attraction on the human mind. Many men and women love excitement in quite another way. They make it an object of conscious preference and of deliberate anticipation. If it is not a paradox, one may say that they seek excitement in a quiet manner by coolly setting themselves to attain it and to prepare themselves for it. Take, for example, the case of a young woman living in a rather dull way in a quiet country town, whose occasional happiness it is to visit London and to see a little of the gaieties of fashionable society. She looks forward to her yearly treat with a fair amount of composure for several months, and seeks in the most practical way to make all her other arrangements fit in with this supreme engagement. If other prospects open up which would conflict with this one, she carefully reflects on the choice presented to her, and, after full deliberation, determines to attain the more exciting form of enjoyment. All of us probably are aware of the existence of certain forms of pleasurable excitement which

in this way attract us at a great distance in time and of which we make a perfectly deliberate selection.

At first sight it might seem as if these two forms of attraction really involved as their conditions precisely the same mental qualities. But if this were so, we should find the people who are most susceptible of the one susceptible of the other in a proportionate degree. Facts, however, do not appear to support this view. Although it is true that very lively and excitable people often unite a high susceptibility to immediate excitement with an eager pursuit of distant excitement, we find many who show the first quality apart from the second, and others who display the latter with but very little of the former. That is to say, there are those who are exceedingly weak in presence of an intense enjoyment within momentary reach, and who yet betray no energy in the pursuit of remote excitements. There are men, for example, who are carried away as with an irresistible arm at the sight of wine, who nevertheless show little or no tendency to go out of their way to indulge themselves in this peculiar gratification; and these are the cases of morbid appetite which it is possible to deal with remedially. On the other hand, there are those who seem very much bent on providing themselves with occasional emotional stimulants, and who yet do not manifest this kind of impotence under the attraction of an immediately present exciting object. For instance, the *bon vivant* who delights in the stimulus of a good dinner, spiced with the presence of jovial companions, may display an irresistible firmness in the pursuit of occasional gratifications of his taste, and yet be perfect master of himself if suddenly tempted to an immediate indulgence.

It is characteristic of this more moderate pursuit of excitement that it should assume the form of a purpose to indulge in the wished-for enjoyment at certain more or less regular intervals. People who are in this condition of mind consciously resolve to seek a periodical excitement. They make their moments of emotional exaltation an orderly element in their existence. It is probable that English people show this peculiar quality less clearly than foreigners. The French and the Germans are quite as fond of excitement as ourselves, probably a good deal more so, but they compass their end in a much more orderly fashion. A woman in Paris or Berlin who is obliged to think a good deal about the pecuniary cost of her

amusements is accustomed to arrange her periodical visits to the theatre with the utmost care. The theatre is open every evening, but she is not tempted to rush off on hearing of some new attraction. She looks ahead and skillfully prepares for her coveted delight. She does not live in a daily state of uneasy craving, discontented with her ordinary surroundings. She throws herself heartily into present occupations, sustained with the pleasant visions of the coming holiday. She must have her moments of exalted bliss, but she can very well bring herself to wait for them. We have heard of German women who were so bent on securing this occasional ecstasy in the theatre or the opera-house that they willingly stinted themselves in quality and variety of diet in order to compass their object. Yet they were quite reasonable in respect to the frequency of their pleasures, and did not by any means neglect all domestic duties for the sake of these amusements.

It is clear that the precise psychological conditions of this orderly pursuit of emotional exaltation must differ materially from those of the disturbing and absorbing passion for excitement already spoken of. It may be presumed that, in whatever way they pursue their object, lovers of excitement resemble one another in a certain high degree of nervous sensibility and emotional susceptibility. The English youth whose desires are instantly kindled into an overmastering passion at the sight of the cup, and the German student who looks forward with a flutter of pleasurable anticipation to his weekly carouse without intermitting his present studies, both display the same fundamental energy of nervous reaction to alcoholic stimulation. So, too, the idle English girl, whose mind is thrown into disorder by the intrusion of inflaming images of theatrical spectacle, and the practical Frenchwoman who looks on eagerly to the next play and is yet perfectly content to live in the interval in the ordinary way, show the same kind of imaginative activity. But in each of these illustrations we see a great difference of mental condition. This difference may perhaps be defined as consisting in the presence or absence of a supreme volitional control. The systematic seeker after excitement may love his object very ardently indeed, and in this case he has all the conditions of that overpowering inflammability of feeling which we see in the contrasted examples. But, along with this excitability of nervous organization he possesses a strength

of will by which he can either hold down, so to speak, the violent emotional impulses or release them according to the purpose of the moment. He does not by any means seek to deprive himself of the luxury of indulging his peculiarly intense susceptibilities, he rather aims perhaps at cultivating them to the fullest degree. Only he makes them the conditions of a rationally pursued enjoyment, the raw material out of which he can fashion by well-conceived plan a high style of felicity.

But is it possible, one may ask, to combine any considerable degree of excitability with a perfectly rational choice of the highest happiness attainable? *Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*, is supposed to represent the confession of all very excitable people, but, though the passion for excitement in its unrestrained forms necessarily interferes with a just comparison of the greater and the less in pleasure, it does not follow that, when held in subjection by a strong will, it is a disturbing element in one's calculations. A man or a woman with a turn for exciting amusements may reasonably recognize and make use of the experience that the rapturous enjoyments of an exalted mental condition are incommensurable with the ordinary pleasures of quiet moments. Suppose, for instance, that a man has a singular emotional susceptibility to music of a certain order, by virtue of which the delight of the opera or concert-room is incomparably more intense than any other known form of enjoyment. If at the same time he is a person of strong reason and will, he may wisely resolve to secure as much of this delight as possible. Experience teaches him that too great frequency of indulgence diminishes the zest of enjoyment, and consequently he sets himself to find, in a rough fashion, the number of gratifications which affords in the aggregate the highest sum of pleasure. With respect to a comparison of these exciting forms of enjoyment with other varieties, when they threaten to interfere with one another, it is obvious that because of their immeasurable nature they cannot become the elements of exact calculation. But it should be remembered that the most consistent pleasure-seeker does not always perform an exact calculation of the results of his action. In a good many cases he has to be satisfied with a very rough guess as to the direction of the greatest happiness. And this rude kind of reckoning the lover of excitement is able to perform too. He will first of all argue that his periodic mental intoxication, though very

brief, is so unlike any other mode of pleasure as to be preferable to a long duration of the more commonplace satisfactions. He will reason further that the anticipation and review of such supreme delights, extending through the whole intervals of their recurrence, may, by removing the dreary sense of *ennui* and melancholy which people often experience amid the monotonous surroundings of ordinary life, so far increase the value of the exciting pleasures as to make it the part of wisdom to secure them, even at the sacrifice of some amount of daily comfort. In this way it appears possible to preserve a considerable degree of susceptibility to the more stimulating class of enjoyments, and yet to carry out with a fair amount of consistency a prudent regulation of the various pleasures of life. In other words, a keen relish for excitement, if only restrained by a strong will and directed by a clear judgment, seems to be perfectly compatible with a resolve to seek the greatest amount of happiness attainable.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

"PIGEON ENGLISH."

It is quite possible that before very long the shout "You wan-che one pe-sze boat?" which greets the ears of every visitor to Hong Kong as the anchor drops into the still waters which lie at the base of Victoria peak will be no more heard. At last English merchants are beginning to be ashamed of making use of a jargon which would never have existed but for their strange unwillingness to acquire even a smattering of the language spoken by the people among whom they were destined to live. Grammars, dictionaries, and vocabularies in the local dialects are now beginning to find their way into houses into which they have never hitherto been admitted, and some masters and mistresses have set an example which it is to be hoped will be followed—of communicating with their servants in Chinese, even though they speak it imperfectly, to the exclusion of the gibberish which up to this time has been their solitary means of intercommunication. On the other hand, a generation of Chinaman is growing up which has learned to speak English grammatically in the schools established at Hong Kong and at the treaty ports. There is therefore some prospect that, what between English-speaking Chinamen and Chinese-speaking Englishmen, that

diseased growth yclept "pigeon English" will soon cease to exist.

A certain amount of interest must always attach to any form of speech which has acquired even a temporary separate existence, and this at least "pigeon English" can plead for itself. It is too soon yet to pronounce a funeral oration over it, but as opposing forces proclaim that its days are numbered, and as very little is known in England of the rubbish which our countrymen are talking in China, it may not be out of place to glance briefly at its origin and characteristics.

To call it English, even when qualified by the word "pigeon" (*i.e.* "business"), is a misnomer. It is a mixture of English and Portuguese words tortured into Chinese idioms, and when it is added that only a very small percentage of these words are at all correctly pronounced, the outcome may be imagined. Only a few specimens of this lingo have found their way into English literature. The parodies on "Excelsior" and "My name is Norval," which begin, "That nighty time begin chop-chop," and "My name belonge Norval," are, with few exceptions, the only scraps we have on record. But these lines, absurd as they are, are improvements on "pigeon English" pure and simple. This is to be found only in the native vocabularies published for the benefit of compradores and servants entering the service of English masters. We may take one as a specimen of this class of work. It is a little volume of some twelve or fifteen pages, and is entitled "A Vocabulary of Words in common use among the Red-haired People." Its outer cover is adorned with a full-length portrait of one of the red-haired race dressed in the costume of the Georgian period, in breeches and stockings, and armed with stick and sword.

The author begins with the English numerals, and gets over "one" and "two" very creditably, but "te-le" is his nearest approach to "three"—the letter *r* is an insuperable difficulty to a Chinaman—"sik-sze" to "six," and "sam" to "seven." "Ten" he pronounces, as though he had been tutored in the Emerald Isle, "tin;" "lim" stands for "eleven," "tulp" for "twelve," "toon-te" for "twenty," "one huntoon" for "a hundred," "one taou-shan" for "a thousand." In Chinese there is always inserted between the numeral and the substantive to which it applies a word which it is customary to call a classifier, since it points to the kind of object represented by the sub

stantive. For example, instead of saying "two knives," a Chinaman would say "two to-be-held-in-the-hand knives;" or, instead of "a table," he would say "one length table." These various classifiers the authors of pigeon English have melted down into one word, "piece." The writer therefore translates the Chinese equivalent of our indefinite article as "one pe-sze," and a knife he would render by "one pe-sze nai-fo." The use in Chinese of the verb "to have," which is to be pronounced "hap," has given rise to strange confusions. "No hap" is the orthodox expression for "not at home," and a death is announced by "hap tai" (has died). In the same way "fashionable" becomes "hap fa-sze" (fashion); "to be busy," "hap pigeon;" and "to be at leisure," "hap tim."

Expressions relating to sailors are, as would naturally be expected, of frequent occurrence in the vocabulary. "A young officer" is a "mit-chi-man" (midshipman), "a second mate" is a "sik-kan mit," "a sailor" is a "say-le man," and "ready money" is "nip-te ka-she" (liberty cash). About military rank less is known. "Sho-che man" (soldier man) is the only equivalent of a military officer, and is held to include all ranks from the general downwards, the only other distinction recognized in this service being the "kan-a man," or "artillery man." It is descriptive of the state of foreign society in China to find that "a wealthy man" is translated into a "ma-chin" (merchant). The relations of life bear strange and unusual guises in "pigeon English." A wife speaks of her spouse as her "ha-sze man," and he of her as his "wai-fo." A friend is a "fo-lin" — here the *r* is again a puzzle; and an uncle is a "yeung-ke."

To enable him to converse with his future English master the would-be servant should make himself acquainted with such "common phrases" as "ting-ke" (thank you), "how mut-che ka-she" (how much cash), "ko aou sai" (to go out), "ko sit-te" (to go into the city), or "ko hom" (to return home); and he is given to understand that when his master says to him, "I ko she-lip," that he is going to sleep; or that if he receive the order, "No sze-pik-ke," he is not to speak. The Portuguese element in the jargon is noticeable in words such as "man-te-lin" (mandarin), "pa-te-le" (for *padre*, priest), and "sa-pe" (*saber*, to know).

The above specimens are sufficient to show the grotesque absurdity of "pigeon English." But its absurdity is not its worst feature. Its general use among foreigners at the ports has tended to create an impassable gulf between them and their Chinese neighbours. It has entirely prevented the one from gaining any intelligent information about the other. "Belong aou-lo custom," or "Belong joss pigeon," is the sum-total of the explanation which the Chinese in foreign employ are able to give of any ancient oriental rite or any strange local custom; and the same words are all that their masters have at their command to convey to an inquiring *employé* the meaning of any of our English usages. Thus it has been the means of stereotyping blunders and of perpetuating misunderstandings; and it does not say much for the enterprising intelligence of British merchants in China that they should have been content to accept this wretched jargon as their vernacular for more than a quarter of a century, without making an effort either to learn Chinese or to teach their servants English.